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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As the world's population grows, the demand for food and other resources will increase. This will put pressure on the environment and on the world's food supply.

One way to meet this demand is to increase the amount of food that is produced. This can be done by using more land for agriculture, or by using more resources on the land that is already being used.

Another way to meet this demand is to reduce the amount of food that is wasted. This can be done by improving the way that food is stored and distributed, or by changing the way that people eat.

There are many ways to meet the world's growing demand for food and other resources. It is up to us to decide which way is the best.

One of the most important things we can do is to make sure that we are using resources in a sustainable way. This means that we are using resources in a way that will not harm the environment or the future generations.

There are many things we can do to make sure that we are using resources in a sustainable way. We can reduce the amount of waste that we produce, we can use less energy, and we can use more recycled materials.

By making these changes, we can help to make sure that the world's food and other resources will be available for everyone in the future.

It is our responsibility to make sure that we are using resources in a sustainable way. We must all do our part to make sure that the world is a better place for everyone.

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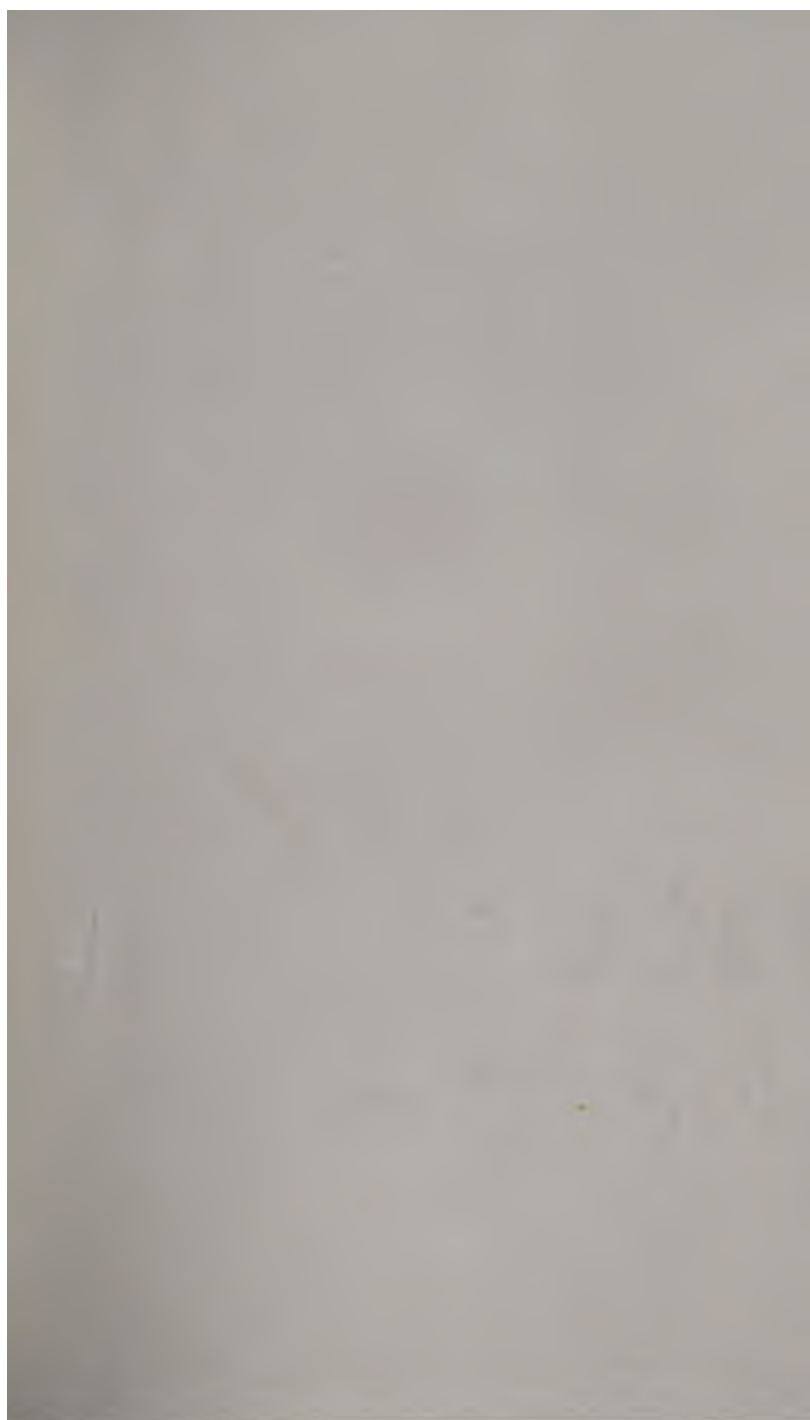
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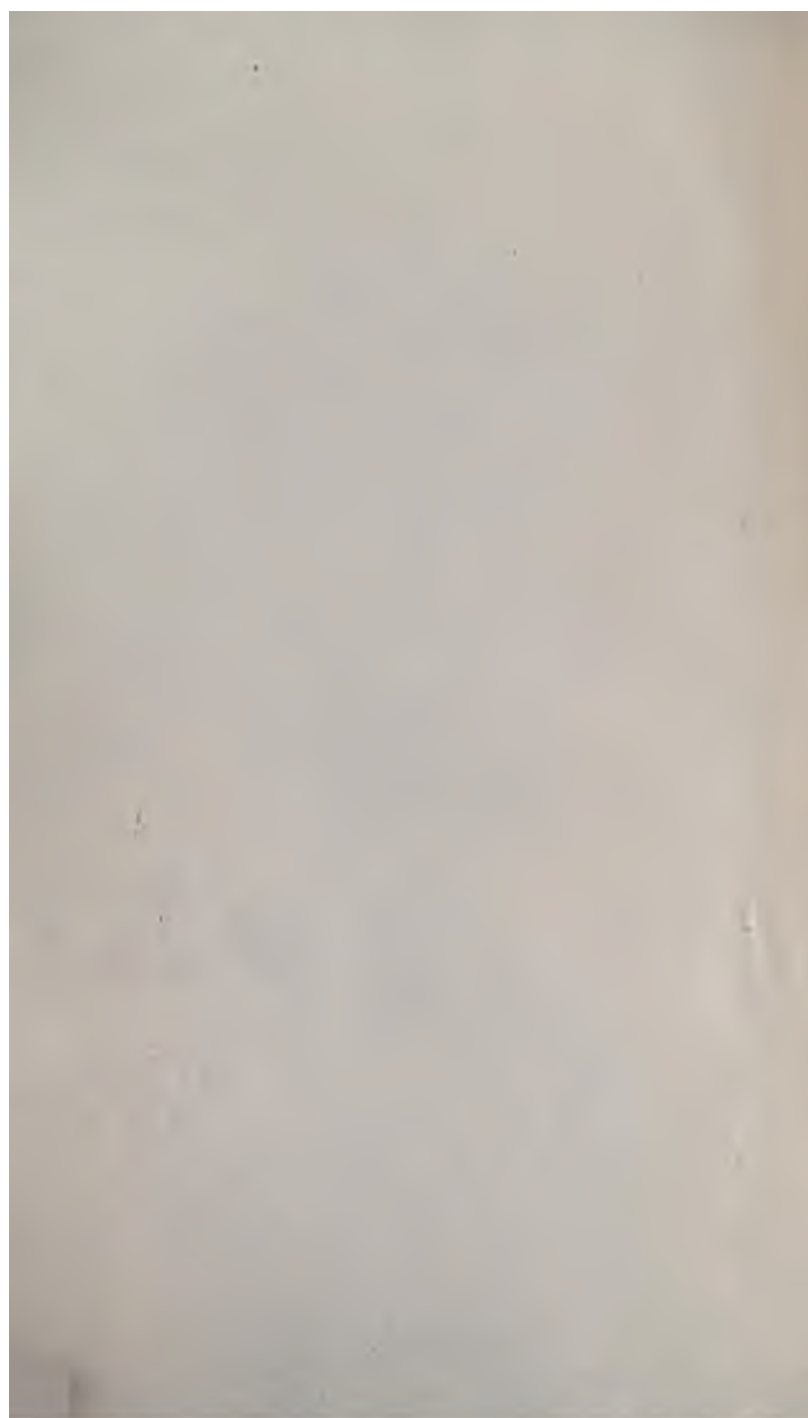
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D

HUMOUR AND PATHOS;

OR,

ESSAYS, SKETCHES, AND TALES,

BY

G. R. WYTHEN BAXTER,

Author of "Modern Refinement," &c. &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

FRANK HOWARD, Esq.

"The smiles, the tears, of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken—
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone;
The cheerful hearts now broken!"

MOORE'S Irish Melodies.

LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, RYDER'S COURT,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

1842.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

IN giving the accompanying trifles to the world, the author thinks it fair to acknowledge that several of them have, at different periods, appeared in the columns of "*The Original*," "*Tait's Magazine*," "*The Metropolitan Conservative Journal*," and other periodicals.

Furthermore, in justification of the almost misanthropical feeling which he is told pervades some of the articles and the humourous abandonment which characterises others—he thinks it proper to state, that the first were written in hours of bitterness—the last in moments of a more joyous mood. Of the bitterness which dictated the former, the cause may *now be removed*,—and the gaiety which excited the latter, perchance *may now no longer exist*,—but with either speculation the public has *nothing* to do,—for to afford pleasure and instruction on the author's side—and support and approval on the Reader's—is all that the twain have necessarily to do with each other. In the present case, may (hopes the inditer of the following pages) the beneficial results be equivalent !

Having prefaced thus far, the author wishes it perfectly to be understood by his readers, that nothing which the newspapers designate "intense interest," or "high wrought" descriptions, will be found in his pages;—for he has no visions of damsels with dulcimers to relate—no wondrous tales of Alroy to tell. In a word, he has only a few sweet and bitter fancies—a handful of humourous and earnest conceits to offer.

And even in those, he wishes it also to be borne in mind, he is well aware that his style has nothing to distinguish it from a host of the Sketch Books and Miscellanies of his predecessors in the same line of composition;—saving, indeed, that he may have, in the vanity of a young aspirant, occasionally worn his literary foraging cap cocked on one side; and, perhaps, more unwarrantably, (as his present lucubrations may verify) stuck the humour of his thirty or "forty fancies" in it for a feather.

To his readers, he has nothing further to say. But to his reviewers, he would address a few words—viz. touch this volume gently, for there is a

" ——— spirit in the leaves !"

and that spirit is the spirit of entreaty and implores your forbearance !

April, 1838.

CONTENTS.

*N.B. Those distinguished by * have already appeared in "Tait's Magazine," "The Original," and other Periodicals.*

	PAGE.
Take Warning	1
* The Old Year, 1834	9
The Ill-used Wife	20
Keep your Distance	25
Wales and the Welsh	30
The Hard Steak	35
The Misanthrope	42
Rings	54
Apropos, and Málapropos	63
Diary of a Détenu for Debt	72
The Returned Letters	83
* Kiddyism	90
* Natural Deformity	103
* The Decline of Heart Breaking in England	110
Blight of Early Hopes	123
The Actress	127
Something Stiff	138
* Early Impressions	143
* The Guardsman	148

	PAGE.
* The Lost Bride	156
* Principle and Interest	169
The Old Man's Tale	175
Puns and Punning	182
* Byron and his Biographers	195
* Names	197
* The Best Heart in the World	205
Mrs. Watkins's Party	212
* The Drinking Party	222
* Genius and Authors	224
Our Village; or, the Wanderer's Return	232
The Sublime and the Ridiculous	251
A Welsh Watering Place	260

TAKE WARNING!

“Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus.”—JULIUS CÆSAR.

TAKE warning!—Half the “accidents and offences” that enliven the columns of our newspapers originate in the disregard of this precept. People take snuff, colds, wine, steps, tea, wives, offence, hints, fright and medical advice; but they cannot—they will not—take warning!—and *par consequence*, they incontinently get hanged, drunk, drowned, shot, horse-whipped and ridiculed, &c.;—are thrown out of windows, and off coaches, kick up and are kicked down, &c. &c. While as a *sequitur*, adulteries, law-suits, duels, murders, black eyes, &c. ensue. Hector would not take warning,

so he circumgyrated, (served him right!) like a canister at a puppy's tail, the walls of his own Ilium. Cæsar was equally wrongheaded; indeed, more so, seeing that he, like Mrs. Piozzi's *terra filius*, had "warnings three times over," viz. one from his wife, another from the soothsayer, and a third from Artemidorus the sophist, of Cnidos; besides portents and omens, *ad lib.* and, as might have been expected from his contumacy, he was made a pin-cushion of, by the spirited exertions of the *liberal party* of those days; his most *particular friend*, being Leader of the opposition.—"But then," says a master of ceremonies, "it would have been *infra dig.* for the son and heir of 'Old Glory,' to have attended to the tittle tattle of a 'foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl;' and who, to boot, was not exactly right in her upper story, 'a little cracked, or so.' And was the man, who, as a certain exaggerating fellow, one Will Shakspeare, has told us, bestrode

' — the narrow world,
Like a Colossus,'

to tie up his knocker, and *sham Abraham*, because, forsooth, his wife had bad dreams; the inevitable consequence, of course, of reading some 'Mysteries of Udolpho' sort of tale the night before?"

Again, to descend more to our own times.—Had Richard II. undeafed his ear to the wholesome council of his uncle, and not *soiled* his fingers with the "*dirty acres*" of Harry Bolingbroke; he would not have had to beat his head, like a canary bird, against the hard,

unpiteous stones of Pontefract Castle. Had the
 “ Princely Buckingham ” pondered o’er Margaret’s

“ ——— Beware of yonder dog ;
 Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites,
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death ; ”

he would not, by playing at foot-ball with his own head,
 have had cause to say—

“ ——— poor Margaret was a prophetess ! ”

And had Mary Stuart, the lovely, the adored, only
 listened to the “ hey sirs ! ” of her attendants, and not
 crossed the border of “ green Albyn,” instead of losing
 her ‘ maiden head,’ she would have been the head of
 three kingdoms !

And last, though not least, had that “ proud bird of
 the mountain,” the gallant and high minded Lochiel,
 not laughed to scorn the wizard’s prophecy, his dwel-
 ling would not now have been lonely, nor he a wanderer
 from the land, where his fame still flourishes like the
 blue bells in her vallies !

These are known, and authenticated instances, where
 warnings have been given, but like a dose of ipecacuana,
 not taken. But, besides these, and such like matters of
 history, there must have been many more eloquent
 forerunners of events and deaths, which “ *omnes illacry-*
mabiles,” like the histories of certain preadamite Wel-
 lingtons, have not come down to us, through the want
 of an antediluvian Southey. Thus (selecting at random

a couple of these suppositions) there is every reason to believe that the wife of the tragedian *Æschylus* often told her 'gude man' not to wander about without his hat; but a wilful man was just the same incorrigible biped then as now; and the upshot, as all the world knows, was, that his *pia mater* was mistaken by a short sighted eagle for a stone, and he died, as his verdict has it, by a "determination of *turtle soup* to the *brain*."* And who doubts, though it is not recorded, that *Lucretia* was cautioned by her next door neighbour, on the evening previous to "*her misfortune*," not to open her doors to any one after it was dusk, as there were many ill-looking fellows about.

And then does it require much stretching of the imaginative faculty to suppose that most, if not all, of those who in modern times have ended their lives by accident and ignominy, were not without their warnings?—the fond maternal dreadings of "do give it up my dear boy—come listen to your poor mother, before ill comes of it!"

This life is a complete chapter of accidents; and we are continually breaking our hearts, heads, necks and arms;—not to dwell on our unhappy predilection for walking into flooded brooks, and taking Prussic acid, for Epsom salts;—and yet it is not for want of warning that we perpetrate these foolish things; for if we believe mankind (who, *en passant*, generally speaking, are apt to throw the hatchet), every catastrophe, from wilful

* Alluding to the legend of that poet laureate's death, by an eagle letting fall a tortoise, or turtle, on his bald pate.—*CREDAT JUDÆUS*.

adultery down to a black eye, has its prophet; and some of note, like the first, two or three:—"Oh!" say these post mortem oracles, "we told him not to approach too near that river—that bull—that woman:" or, vice versa, as the case may be. Or, "had he taken our advice and staid over night, this would not have happened." Or, again, "we were continually telling him to beware of, &c." "Et iis simillimis."

But besides these posthumous warnings, which, to say the best of them, are rather apocryphal, there are a thousand true ones, which are every moment rising up for our advantage—from every day life—from every day books—as beacons to light us from destruction. But have they that effect? Alas! no. In vain the labours of the moralist and the philosopher! The annals of crime are as multifarious, as revolting as ever! Not a day passes but the blood of some vice-bound wretch waters the roots of the gaunt tree of ignominy! Not a day but a new victim—perchance some blue-eyed thing—is offered at the insatiate maw of seduction!

Next to the predisposed determination not to take warning, is the ingenuity of some people to twist and pervert its application from themselves; and under the delusion, that by their age, rank, &c. they are exempt from the calamities of others, they view with polite contempt (for they are not superstitious) the presentiments which daily are flashing phosphorent before their eyes; and then, like the reckless Rufus, leap into the vessel of fate, grandiloquently inquiring of those who yet would save them, "if they ever heard of a

king's being drowned?" In a word, so wilfully blind are the generality of mankind to their own danger, that, to borrow Sancho's lament, "if the sky was to rain warnings, not one, with their own admittance, would fit their heads;"—there is an idiosyncrasy about their cases—they are quite different. "To be sure, it was a very melancholy event that young man's death!—but then, those Smiths never live long; the father died young." Here a devil-me-care sort of fellow exclaims, "then, according to your ideas, the only surety of safety consists in being in continual dread; and because cases of hydrophobia, and coach accidents, sometimes occur, if a man keep a dog, he must *consider himself bitten*; if he mount a coach, he must *consider himself thrown*; and if he pass a bridge, he must *consider himself ducked*." "Not exactly that, but I would have people be a *little* careful, and not *quite* fool-hardy." "Zounds sir! how you talk;—very fine in theory;—but if people were to be a little careful and not quite fool-hardy, trade would be ruined, positively at a stand still: for, know you not that the death of one man is the means of living to another? The misfortunes of A, the source of fortune to B? So, if people were to follow your Utopian system, and believe in sermons and sudden deaths, there would be nothing but '*strikes*' and stagnations in every profession, from the lord Speaker's in the Queen's high court of parliament, to the stone-breakers in the Queen's highway. As in the event of your notion coming into force—coroners would have to *sit by themselves*, instead of on others; undertakers

would be *screwed down* on *board* wages; while the doctors' calling would really be a *sine cure*; and grave-diggers, those *knaves of spades*! would be decidedly *infra dig*. Not to mention that flax dressers, hangmen, executors, and trustees, would have to tender their several resignations, like *milord premier*; and ultimately be let loose ('think of that Master Brooke!') on society!"

"Thank you sir, your advocacy in favour of foolhardiness has amused, but not convinced me; though I must confess there is some truth in what you have asserted;—but I have yet to learn that mankind are happier with broken heads than whole bodies. This slowness of comprehension on my part may arise from my not belonging to one of the professions which you have particularised; and some old foolish notion, that keeping your distance from danger is not *altogether* the surest method of being knocked from now into next week. Be that, however, as it may, I myself am very exact in my approaches, and like, as they say, to have plenty of elbow room. Thus, for instance, I always have the courtesy to give a dog the wall, particularly if that dog be of evil fame and dishonest conversation;—I allow the like privilege to any other animal, biped, or quadruped, who has been convicted of *rabies*, on the deposition of two, or more, respectable witnesses. Nor am I disposed to be arbitrary on precedence, when an escaped madman or a tiger is to be re-captured;—on the contrary, I bear my disappointment, as Acres says, 'like a Christian.' Again, I uni-

formly make it a rule to let twelve paces, and a couple of male elegants, intervene between me and a pretty woman;—for it is well, as Burns writes, to

‘Beware o’ bonnie Ann!’

And as to more vulgar dangers, I have ever kept from them—‘a pretty gentleman’s distance!’”

“Well sir, and what have you gained by your over cautiousness?”

“Why, not a great deal. But still, I have never, like some of my acquaintance, walked into a mill pond on purpose for *twelve men* to sit on me, at the ‘*Cat and Bottle*.’ Nor have I ever, by too close an intimacy with a bull-dog, given my friends the trouble (*pleasure*, I should have said, for I have yet *half a dozen silver spoons*) of stifling me with a feather bed and bolster. Nor, lastly, have I ever let my brains out on a holiday, at the instigation of the first puppy who chose to quarrel with me. Indeed, on the whole, I may congratulate myself with having met with fewer moving accidents than most men; having never suffered any corporeal infliction but once; and that was when I was horse-whipped by mistake, on a market day, for having seduced a farmer’s daughter; (this was very hard, it must be confessed, considering, I had never seen the lady in question;) but then, the father *lasher* afterwards begged my pardon; and what could I say?”

THE OLD YEAR—1834.

Mammy A—. "'A made a finer end, and went away, an' it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide." *Lord B—*. "They say, he cried out of Tories." *Mammy A—*. "Ay, that 'a did." *Duke of W—*. "And of Whigs." *Mammy A—*. "Nay, that 'a did not." *Sir R. P—*. "Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils in *place*." *Mammy A—*. "'A could neve abide *plaise*; 'twas a fish he never liked." *Sir R. P—*. "'A said once, the devil would have him about Whigs." *Mammy A—*. "'A did in some sort, indeed, handle Whigs. But then he was a Radical; and talked of the vote by Ballot."—*New Readings of Old Authors*.

THE old year is dead, and the following we select from an evening paper (*in nubibus!*):—

"Lately died, at his residence Lower Sphere Street, aged fifty-two weeks, Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-four, Esquire, commonly called *the year of our Lord*. He was descended from a very ancient family—the Centuries; a branch of which came over to this country with the conqueror. He had latterly been growing more *weekly*; and from the early part of the day in question (Wednesday), until ten of the ensuing night, appeared to be suffering from the usual

pangs common to one of his advanced age. But no great change occurred until twelve o'clock, when evident symptoms of dissolution were visible; and that moment, attempting to raise his hand to beckon to an attendant *minute*, who had formerly been one of his *seconds*, he expired.

"It is whispered in the higher circles that, in his last moments, he frequently mentioned the name of one 'Louis Philippe.'* We cannot, however, vouch for the truth of this assertion, though we have it on undoubted authority to say, that a few days previous to his decease he transacted business at the Foreign Office, which fact seems to corroborate the former statement."

The Gazette then proceeds to say, that "early on the following day, amidst the ringing of bells, his *sun* and *air* was publicly baptized at St. Januarias's, Chronology Square, by Archdeacon *Frost*, who officiated for Dr. Merryweather,† who was prevented from attending by a cold. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel‡ stood sponsors, in room of Earl Grey and Lord Brougham, who were also prevented from being present by indisposition. The young year, who it is rumoured, is already highly gifted, is, we believe, a ward in chancery." Then follow farther particulars of the deceased, and an analysis of his character, which appears to have

* The libetricide King of the French, and royal target of a hundred assassins, was as notorious then, as since.

† Dr. Merryweather, then, and still Dean of Hereford, but in the text, the name is used in an *atmospheric* sense.

‡ The New Annual 1835, commenced with Sir. Robert Peel's six weeks administration.

been written with great candour and impartiality, the writer, entering more into detail than his late biographer, Francis Moore, Physician, who gives nothing but a few obscure extracts from his diary, which are very often imperfect, and sometimes unintelligible; and, in the end, winds up his narrative by merely stating that, like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, he did over "terms and tides preside."

For the amusement of our readers we give the sketch entire:—"In person he was generally allowed to be *short*, though some, on the contrary, assert he was *very long*. At any rate, it may be inferred, he was of a middle stature. His complexion was *fair*, and his *air*, which was very light, approached what is sometimes called frosty; but, in general, his manners were very mild and agreeable. Unlike some of his predecessors, he was not a Splendid Annual, for no Waterloo Massacres, or Cloth of Gold Meetings, will be engraven on the tablets of his mausoleum. Neither was he a Religious Annual, though considerable pains were taken to make him one.* But he laughed at such endeavours, and made a burlesque song about them, which, we believe, is still sung in the streets of London to the tune of the 'King of the Cannibal Islands.'

"Nor was he a Literary Annual; for of his literary taste much cannot be said, though some wise-acres talked of the intelligence and shine of certain northern lights. If there did such exist, they must evidently

* Sir Andrew Agnew's "Agony bill" was debated, and thrown out in 1834.

have been, like many other of his phenomena, invisible without a telescope! Indeed, his suffering Sotheby and Coleridge* to engage themselves as short-hand writers to Pluto's Evening Mail; and his transporting Sheridan Knowles† beyond the seas, for only stealing a hint from the old poets, are facts not very creditable to his love of letters.

"Yet, notwithstanding this, he was not altogether a fool, insomuch as he took in 'Crabbe's Poems' in numbers, and gave a lift to Leigh Hunt's little London venture:‡—was taken, too, with the pictures of the 'Pilgrims of the Rhine,'§ and really admired the cleverness of 'Tilney Hall.' Nay, some went so far as to say, that he was seen cutting the leaves of the 'Last Days of Pompeii,'§ but that we think was beyond him, never having heard that he was much of a classic. One thing, however, to his advantage, must not be omitted,—he discontinued that contemptible monotony "The Doit Magazines."

* Sotheby, the eloquent translator of Homer, and Coleridge died in 1834.

† Sheridan Knowles, a name worthy to be classed with the dramatic poets of any age, or any clime, owing to the unpardonable neglect of his countrymen, was obliged this year to leave his native shores, and seek a living among strangers in America—"Ingrata Patria! ne ossa quidem mea habes."

‡ Crabbe's Poems and Leigh Hunt's "London Journal," excited a good deal of interest during 1834.

§ Bulwer's illustrated "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and Hood's "Tylney Hall," a very piquant novel, were published in 1834.

§ The "Last Days of Pompeii," though advertised, did not appear till 1835.

Nor yet, in addition to the above exceptions, could he be called a Sporting Annual; for though, in imitation of his betters, he kept an *Eclipse* or two; and in the earlier part of his life had to do with *Spring*, otherwise called *Winter*,* he seldom took a very strong Epsom purge, or handled his fowling piece, save occasionally, when he bagged an "Irish Landlord." But then, if he did not hunt or race himself, not being, like some of his family, a *leaper*, he allowed, without molestation, others to follow their own gait (gate); and *par conséquence*, livings, fees, patients, places, plums, dinners, names, and husbands, were as hotly pursued over hedge and ditch, by parsons, lawyers, doctors, courtiers, merchants, poets, patriots and coquettes, under his régime, as ever they were in the times of his forefathers, though many, as experience has shewn, were thrown out in the chase!

And lastly, neither was he that risible wild fool which laughs from year to year,—a Comic Annual. Notwithstanding, it must be confessed, he had a turn that way, as the caricatures in the *Burlington* and *Lowther* "Arcades (ambo!)" witness.

"Then, if he were neither of all these, in God's name, what was he?"—"Guess." "Humph!—An immoral year?" "Pretty!—but no, he was nearly as moral as his progenitors, and, for ought we know, more so. Try again, most accomplished Lector." "Then I suppose you mean to insinuate that he was a *rara avis*,—in

* The prize-fighter, Tom *Spring's* real designation is well known to be *Winter*.

short, an Uncommon Annual?" "Not exactly, seeing that in his reign, or rain, just as ever they did, the ordinary folk ate, drank, slept, loved, fought, and played at whist, and died; while their more versatile and refined prototypes, the extraordinary folk, in their alternative moods of beseeching, affirming, bewailing, confessing and threatening; rehearsed with the usual *eclât*, their fly not yettings, their 'pon my honour it is true!—their who would have thought it?—their I have seen my bride another's,—their owning the soft impeachment; and in case of quarrel, their keeping their gentlemanly distances. And over and above to the foregoing, Cat's Meat and 'Oysters Sir,' were vended and devoured in the streets, pretty much on the same system as in 1833. The usual bits of stock classicality,—'Arcades Ambo'—'Rusticus expectat,' &c. &c., were sported at St. Stephen's in town, and *vice versâ* the ditto bits of stock patriotism,—'A bold peasantry, &c.'—'The flag that braved,' &c. &c. in the shire guilds in the country.

"Nor were the accouchemens of mountains, the dissecting of gadflies, the breaking of butter synonyms on wheels, and the blowing of bladders, of less rare occurrence than they used to be.

"Not to mention that establishments were equally broken up and broken into—parsons tendered their resignation, not of their cures, but of their probity—and prices were set upon men's heads, and their *tales*, and accepted; and upon kine, and refused. Moreover many persons, like parliaments, without a cause, were

pro-rogued; many, like Higgins and his Double Glo'ster, toasted !* and many clap-clawed one another in public, who, when in private, amicably smoked a pipe together, like *Signor Nicolini* and the Lion, in that old book the Spectator.

“ In short, all the bother, blarney, and bletherum skite that was tolerated in 1833—2—1, was equally so in 1834, even to that last rag of superstition, which future ages will laugh at us in their sleeves for retaining, viz. Corporations! And, in a word, most sapient, you must have another shy before you can bring down the popinjay.”—“ Pshaw!”—“ Well dont be savage, and you shall hear what he was.”—“ Pish! I don't desire to hear any thing about such a humdrum concern. For his

News and reviews, Sir, I've read through and through Sir,
 With little admiring or blaming
 ' His' papers are barren of home news or foreign—
 No murders or 'cheats' worth the naming.

[Exit, in a huff]

“ La! you now, how you fly out, (*looking after him*) an insolent, prejudiced, low-minded—yet for all he can say, the dear old bissextile was a more respectable character, and a better christian to boot, than three-tenths of his predecessors, with all their thunder and lightning tunics! insomuch as he renounced many family enormities, such as bustles, burkings, swingings,

* Alluding to the well known familiarity which existed between the late Duke of Gloucester and Col. Higgins, his master of the horse, or something of the sort.

mad dogs, &c. &c. Besides, he cut off as much as he could afford of the entail of cholera and riots, left him by his father, and was the cause too of the apprehension of that notorious *cut-purse* 'Robert the Devil,'* who nightly infested the metropolitan theatres. But for that old numskull to insinuate that he was deficient in gallantry!—sheer envy, we assure you madam; for, to our certain knowledge, he was no tyro that way; always making allowances for the dampness of our island.

“ And again, as to the other matter of murders, he was certainly very cautious, and, like his cousin Brougham, was afraid of ‘doing too much,’ and his hands, like those of that distinguished personage, would have ‘been clean,’† at least, he would not have committed any thing worth the naming, had it not been for some rascal reviewers, who plainly told him he was a nincompoop, and a disgrace to his family—‘he a year indeed!’ Many of his name, before they had arrived at *half his months*, had extinguished, *secundum artem*, a ‘Weare,’ or a ‘Maria Martin!’ And they ended by threatening to erase his name from the archives of his line, if he did not *instantly* cut some one’s throat, or send an ounce of blue plum into some one’s pudding.

* “Robert the Devil,” a piece of diabolical nonsense, much in favour in 1833 and 1832 with the play-going public, but since judiciously expelled the boards.

† “My hands are clean!” Vide Lord Brougham’s speech to his countrymen of that period.

“ At first 1834 only laughed at them, and in high glee *blew* the following on his stop note—

“ To daunton me— to daunton me—
 O ken ye what it is that 'd daunton me ?
 There's the *Tailor's strike*,* and the ' Penny Magazine !!'
 And a' that I hae borne sin' syne—
 There's whigs and whigmaleerie—
 I think it will be muckle for to daunton me ! ”

“ But to 'prevent misunderstanding,' as Acres says, in the end he perpetrated the Pentonville concern,† and added Earl Spencer and the Duke of Gloucester,‡ by way of natural 'rider.'

“ And now a word about his politics:—Of his Whig sayings, and Tory doings, much, as Sir Roger would say, may be said on both sides; though the least said, perhaps, the better, in so much, as neither the sayings of the former, nor the doings of the latter, were always intelligible! And then, are they not written in the '*Morning Chronicle*?' Some of them, however, are worth noting down; more, though, as political anomalies—and like Homer's Catalogue of schooners, to swell the history of our annuitant—than any thing else; and as such, after the manner of Virgil's introduction of his 'Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque,'

* A strike, or turning out for increase of wages, took place among the tailors, in the autumn of 1834.

† The murder at Pentonville, whose horrors there is no occasion further to recur to.

‡ The Duke of Gloucester and Earl Spencer were among the distinguished departures of this year.

without comment, to excite risibility, we introduce them here.

“ The following, unarranged, are a few of the most remarkable and grin-worthy:—Earl Grey’s last appearance in the character of Adam*—‘ Must I then leave the Paradise!’—the *sweeping* clause of the ‘ fain would I climb’ boys;†—the bastard law, or the society for promoting christian depravity;—the King’s calling in the new police to turn out the Melbourne administration:‡—the Duke of Wellington making himself ‘ a very young hero’ at Oxford;§—ditto, his assumption of the dictatorship,§ and his ‘ disfigurement’ for six weeks, like Master Burke, of all the characters in the farce of the ‘ Cabinet;—iterumque ditto, the rumour that he was about to commence business in the whig line, and ditto, ditto, ditto, his subsequent denial of it, in what, by some *immensely clever fellow*, was called ‘ His Highness’s Manifesto!’

* * * * *

* * Having said so much of the hero of our sketch, little now remains for us to say, save that, on the whole, he was a jolly old annus, who loved his

* Earl Grey’s retirement from ministerial affairs happened in this year.

† The passing of the legislative enactment to prevent the sweeps from crying their profession.—O tempora! O legislators!

‡ The sudden dismissal of the Melbourne administration.

§ The Duke of Wellington’s inauguration as Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

§ Alluding to his holding the several offices of legislature, during Sir R. Peel’s sojourn on the continent.

glass, his song, and his Glasgow rubber;* and, moreover, that he was 'nae fae to wine and mutton;' but often treated his friends in public, as Lords Grey and Durham† can testify. To be sure, his denying the little sweeps the use of their loqual organs, was rather arbitrary; and his burning the two houses of Parliament rather naughty. But then he was 'rheumatic,' and was latterly troubled with a 'whoreson cold,' caught by the tailor's strike; or, as some said, by his opening his mouth so often, to cry 'hear! hear!' to the whigs. Be that as it may, he is gone!—Therefore let his errors go with him. Others may revile his memory. We, at least, grateful for some happy hours he gave us, will not disturb his manes. No! in the spirit of departed genius,‡ 'it shall never be said that 1834 was in want of a good word, when we, his friend, had one to give him.' So, old year—

“ Fare-thee well ! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare—thee—well ! ”

* The Glasgow lottery was drawn in 1834.

† The public dinners given to those noblemen.

‡ Sheridan.

THE ILL-USED WIFE.

(A SKETCH.)

“ Oh no! she blam'd him never!”—HAYNES BAYLEY.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

——“ She never so much as gave him an angry look, much less a word!” said the Sexton, “ though he used her like a brute—and brute is too good a word for the like o’ him. Often would he turn her out of doors o’ nights when you wou’d not chide a stranger dog from your roof leave alone a fellow creature;—and then she wou’d come, poor thing! to one of the neighbours, and softly tap and ask to be let in, and when they, as it is nat’ral, wou’d enquire what ailed her? she wou’d attempt to laugh it off, and, God forgive her! wou’d tell a hundred little stories, but never a word that he had ill-treated her and turned her out o’ doors;” “ Ah!” continued the Sexton, “ she had a bitter time with him!—but there, she’s gone, poor thing!” And the old man sighed, and see-

ing I was silent, took up his spade to depart, but presently he returned again, bearing a root of white violets with him which he planted in silence on the new made grave.

There was something so feeling yet so natural in this little offering—it was “sweets to the sweet”—that I could not refrain from shedding a tear which, meandering slowly down my cheek-bone, fell on the violet root as if to water it! At this the old man looked up and smiled—but said nothing—but continued pressing the mould round about the root, and gently picked the bits of dirt out of the blossoms. My heart was full—so when he had finished, I shook his hand—it was a hard one and somewhat dirty—but no matter—I would not at that moment have changed it for the jewelled fingers of a monarch—for the small reason that the heart that owned it was worth twenty of such purple mockeries!——

* * *

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* * *

The story of Fanny L—— is not an uncommon one—It has been told by a hundred pens before mine—and Wordsworth has narrated her fate in one simple line,”—

“ The gentle lady married to the Moor !”

But to give it—When quite a girl, Fanny had, against the wishes of her parents, loved and married one of those heartless, handsome beings, who wear the flower

of beauty in their bosoms, more for show than for affection ; and who, when its fragrance no longer conduces to their vanity—to make them the “ observ’d of all observers,”—cast it forth to perish, or, crueller still! tear its lovely leaves, one by one, away.

In vain, previous to her marriage with him, had her friends cautioned her to beware, and not in the brilliancy of the serpent forget its sting! Their care was of no avail,—she loved him—and when did love—female love—ever listen to advice?

For a little while, as long as her parents lived, through pure fear of their resentment, (for a woman’s tyrant is ever cowardly!) he treated her with some degree of kindness. But when they died, which they did shortly afterwards—one following in a brief time the other, and both of a broken heart, it was different. For hardly had the grass and little daisy grown o’er the bones of the old people, when he threw off the mask, and appeared in his real colours—a cold, cruel barbarian—the blushless companion of every vice, without the common decency—the hypocrite’s virtue—of cloaking the wrongs he was hourly doing her. But such was the mild nature of the heart he was breaking and turning very bitter—that although he made no secret of his infidelities, and spent the whole of his time in the company of the worst and lost of both sexes—leaving her wretched and alone—often with little save her tears—she never murmured—but when she heard his midnight knock at the door, would run as usual, all softness, and let him in, crying “ Dear Henry!” But in return, con-

scious that he did not deserve such sweetness he would morosely tell her to begone, and push her from him ; indeed, on one or two occasions he struck her !—yet still, mild, blue-eyed thing, she never said him, nay ; or once spake to him, otherwise than in kindness.

But this conduct could not last long—Woman is a string of music, framed alone for kindness to serenade upon ; and when played by any other it discourses for a while a few melancholy notes and then snaps asunder !

It was so with Fanny ; one night, in a drunken fit, her tyrant so far forgot his manhood as to kick her. This operating with grief and other causes, for she was near her confinement, ultimately laid her in the tomb ! Such barbarous usage as this might, one would have supposed, have estranged the most attached bosom—but it was not so—she still remained to him, though she was dying, the soft thing she had ever been ; and upon the doctor's enquiring about the bruise, which his brutality had left marked on her sweet body, she said she had had a fall, and invented a thousand little circumstances, on purpose, to screen him.

But how did he repay this devoted creature's attachment ? Oh God ! while she was lying in agony for his crimes, he wrote a letter to an abandoned girl with whom he had long associated, promising to marry her as soon as his wife was gone to " kingdom come !" (his own words). This epistle by some means fell into other hands, and was heartlessly inclosed to the poor sufferer. On receiving it she said nothing—but just

before her death she called her husband to her bedside, and regarding him with a seraph smile of forgiveness, put it into his hand, and exclaiming " Henry—dear Henry !"—expired.

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.

“ By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds, levels, and aims ! I say it is a good distance—a pretty Gentleman's distance.”—“ RIVALS.”

“ If a man make you keep your distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.”—SWIFT'S “ *Hospital of Incurables*.”

When heated with wine, you make a rush towards your companion to avenge some imaginary insult—putting himself in a “ *Verba dandi* ” sort of attitude, and squaring his booms—he coolly, without asking the Irish query of “ what is your *raison for that there same*,” —tells you to “ keep your distance ! ”

Again, when tempted by “ golden glorious opportunity,” and a very pretty mouth, to snatch a kiss—the maiden in question, seizing the first weapon at hand, (perhaps a spit !) warns you, with a little scornful mow “ *a l'Esmeralda*,” “ to keep your distance, Sir ! ”

Or, should you, when in town, meet, in the “ sweet shady side of Pall-Mall,” the member of your native borough, to whom, at the last election, you gave a “ *plumper*,” and otherwise exercised your interest for—

he, without noticing your un-woodstocked hand, and evidently wishing, as the Scots say, for “byganes to be byganes,” gives you an awful bend, which, when interpreted, means, “Keep your distance, fellow!”

Or, should you, too, when on a fishing excursion, have done your “spiriting gently,” and find the water of the river (though very good for ducks) “*vilissima rerum* ;”—to obviate this, and to replenish your twiggen bottle, should you, I say, on your passage to the nearest farm-house, meet the “dog in office,”—uncasing his box of ivories, he enunciates a growl,—which says, as plainly as a growl can, “you’ll keep your distance, if you are wise, my fine fellow!”

Reader! have you an idol?—is she pretty?—blue eyes—die away looks—“we met, ’twas in a crowd”—and all that,—the general essentials of an idol—if you have—beware! approaches are dangerous—and there is not a more sacrilegious iconoclast than familiarity!—unapotheosising, and counter deifications, being its vocation. Therefore, if you wish your idol to remain such, “Keep your distance! “For think you, as that wild young Spaniard, Juan, says:—

—If Laura had been Petrarch’s wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

Decidedly not. For who could indite sonnets to a woman whom he saw every morning in her night-cap (of white dimity), and every day at dinner swallowing slices of cow beef with the gravy in it?

But, perhaps, your days of idolatry and treacle water are over; and you sacrifice at the shrine of some literary, political, or military "Sir Oracle." The author of —, for instance. Mr. Secretary this, or Commander-in-Chief that. In a word, you admire one, or all of them, and, of *course*, would not have your worship desecrated. Then,—Keep your distance! For, on a nearer approach, great men always either exceed or fall short of the idea you had previously entertained, when, only seeing them through the highly telescopic medium of popular report. In other words, they will either by their more than expected resplendency, burn you to ashes, like Zeus, in his militia uniform, did Semele, or knock your respect from now into next week, by their apparent insignificance. Both catastrophes are lamentable. The one destroys entirely your critical acumen; while the other makes you curse yourself for a "very shallow monster," in having mistaken for a "Lion," a fellow, who turns out to be only an ass, in the chancelloric wig—martial whisks—and epic growl of the royal forester!

Such are the two lights which great men, when they come in too close a contact with their fellow beings, must needs be seen in; for the great origin of all the nobler passions,—love, glory, veneration, is imagination, and imagination can only be retained by keeping your distance from the object of that love, glory, or veneration. In doing that, you have your goddess, your hero; be pig-headed, and rush into their presence, and your goddess becomes a woman, and a very

ordinary one too! and your hero is no longer "Pyramus," but "Bottom the Weaver!"

Think not, that only modern heroes, and ditto goddesses, are here alluded to—no! For what has given the Achilleses and Helens of history their renown? Why, simply, their distance from us. Once be presented to them, and our enthusiasm would vanish, particularly when we found that Major Achilles could not write his name, and Madam Helen was not over and above "*spicy*" in her *mots d'usage*.

But to return once more to you, gentle reader. Peradventure, after all, you are neither an idolater, or lion hunter; but, simply, one of those *scientific men*, who, with the rabble of half the alphabet attached to the heels of their name, would be puddling in the stars—poking in the moon—raking out the ashes of the sun—dabbling in the bottom of the sea, like a flounder, and boring the earth through with a nail passer, that they may make a fizgig of it, and then, with a brother philosopher, each placed at a different pole, spin it, *a la* George the Fourth, for their amusement!

If you are, I repeat, one of these modern Archimedeses, and not *too far* gone—i.e. if no symptoms of rabies have followed the philosophic bite—from the practical part of such theories, I *emphatically* caution you, to keep your distance, lest you come to the very extremely comfortable conclusion of the Dane, that all is "flat, stale, and unprofitable!"—the moon—the sun—the stars—and the green earth, not excepted.

And here, let me ask, "what good can it do man-

kind to know, that what they had been taught to consider perfection, is not perfect? and that every drop of water that descends their throats, contains myriads of animalculæ. Why, the first discovery only tends to make them discontented—while the second, in self defence, uniformly drives them to the use of "*ginnums*," as Hook calls it, for the rest of their lives.

WALES AND THE WELSH.

“Thou once mountain nation of valour and power—
Low lies thy beacon—thy castle, high tower.
The pole-cat, dark adder, th’ unclean bird, and beast,
Possess the ruined mansion where chiefs held the feast.”

JEFFREY LLEWELYN PRICHARD.

Wales is the land of association!—noble deeds and noble songs are her inheritance—and every clod of her *Cymru* is rife with a tale—a bold and glorious tale of other days! Ascend unto her mountains, and you may count a castle on every side; descend into her valleys, and every step you take you tread upon a *Patriot’s grave*! While every field that meets your eye, is a “*Marathon*,” where *homes* and *hearths* have been contended for—and where *men have done, and died*!

And then, her mountains!—nature’s bulwarks! awful in their freedom! seated round her land, like Indians about a watch fire. How fraught with the legendary *past*! How wound up in her history!—at once the refuge and the battle cry of her sons—and the worshipped point, to which the dying Cambrian

turned his last look, as he blessed *dear Wales* ! Who, that treads their steps, feels not their influence ? and who, feeling their influence, does not wish himself a Welshman ? And what Welshman approaches their recesses, without taking the shoes from off his feet in patriotism,—in reverence ! For it was in their Pene-tralia—

“ — the bards of old—the glorious throng !
They of the mountain, and the battle song.*”

met in council—chanted the glories of their chiefs, and with notes of power, invoked *Liberty*—their *Native Liberty*, to come forth, and aid her countrymen : then, answered to the generous call, the loud shout of the assembled heroes, as pledging the “ *Hwylas*,” each vowed to return as *victor*, or *return no more* !—in a word, to *do, or die* !

It was there, *too*, the white-footed maids of Brute, with flying locks and heaving bosoms, watched for the return of their affianced brave ones,—brave ones, whose heroic darings had already given themes to the “ *Telyn*.”† It was there, also, when the refusal to yield was declared pride by the Saxon Envoy, that the harp poured its spontaneous flow in defence,—“ yes, we are a *proud people*. We are *proud* of our mountains—and we are proud of our mountain maids—and the deeds of our fathers are ever heard in our ‘ *Cymru* ’ with awe and with thrill !”

* Mrs. Hemans.

† The “ *Telyn*,”—the Cambrian harp, in distinction to the “ *Crwth*,” or small portable harp.

And, lastly, when all was over,—it was there, (to the mountains,) the bard, indignant, fled the gory spectacle of his country's ruin ; and, seated on the highest summit, vented, with a wild gesticulation, to his *Crwth*, or harp, “ *Cambria's Curse* ” on the invaders, as they passed below, and then, with the high resolve of one who was determined to die nobly, if he could not live so, plunged headlong—

“ To join the dim choir of the bards who have been,
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
And sage Taliessin :—— ”

Again, view Wales apart from her historic recollections,—her days of deed and glory ;—take her as a landscape, and lo ! is she not beautiful ?—her sunny vales—her bays vying with that of Napoli !—her sudden bursts of scenery, which startle and way-lay—her witchery of foliage—her streams, slim and fairy, showing their silvery feet every where !—and her mountains, already named, on whose tops, Switzer and Scott, might deem themselves at home, and talk of Tell, and “ Wallace Wight,” without disparagement !

Such is the land of Glendower and Owen Tudor ! And her brave, generous, and high-minded people are every inch worthy of it ! For exalted by the use of their metaphorical and pure language ; made up, as it is, of lofty periods and noble sentiments ;—and their minds full of emulation, and sublimed by the recollection of the deeds of their ancestry, which are to this day, spoken of among the peasantry—the Welsh,

morally rise far above their neighbours, and, in their national character, partake much of the heroism and self-devotion of old Rome. For, like Fabricius, and that man,

“ ——— awful from the plough ! —

it has ever been their practice to act justly—their emulation to perform nobly !

And it was this deifying trait in their disposition, of old, that made the female patriot Boadicea, quaff the poisoned bowl, and leave all—for honour !

It was this, too, that caused the self-devoted *Gam* to ward off with his generous breast the death intended for his sovereign, and, smiling, sink a *mountain Spartan* !

And it was the consciousness of possessing this that made Tudor Vaughan, the self-created knight, regardless of Edward and his prerogative, assume the badge of chivalry, which he so well deserved to wear.

Yet, notwithstanding this nobility of nature, the countrymen of St. David, are a plain, simple people ; and, to a stranger's eye, often appear dull and repulsive, and incapable of much feeling, or enthusiasm. But there lies the beauty and primitive freshness of their national character ! Let, however, some popular movement appear, which would call forth their sympathies, and appeal to their love of patriotism, and *then* see, whether they would not be enthusiastic !—then see, whether they would not feel ! In a word, let

but the crusade of Liberty be preached upon their hills, and the "*Sevi-lan-gwy*,"* old Cambria's emblem, *now thought unworthy* to be twined with the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, will bloom prouder than all !

* The "*Sevi-lan-gwy*," (pronounced "*Sevee-lan-goo-ee*") or wild leak of Wales, was the original national emblem, and not the rank garden leak, as now generally borne.

THE HARD STEAK.

“ Now good digestion wait on appetite !”—MACBETH.

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As the waiter left the room, I lifted the cover—good God! it was the hardest steak I ever attempted to gorge; I could make nothing of it; *Dando*, sharpset as he was, and who knew, as well as most, what it was to want half a dozen plates of beef, would inevitably have left its discussion, with a sigh, out in his daily dispatches; and I doubt whether the “ rump-fed ronyon” wife of the “ Master o’ the Tiger,” in Macbeth, would not as inevitably, after two or three futile attempts to pouch it, have trundled it over the hatches of her husband’s schooner, to victual the secular appetite of the nearest shark.

In a word, to bolt it, would have *cowed* the dental jurisprudence of a beef-eater;—even Brinsley Sheridan’s!*—for it was the very hypothesis of toughness:

* Vide, the “ Critic.”

the file in Æsop's fables, must have been a marrow-pudding for softness to it. And I strongly believe, if a jury of gluttons had been impanelled on the spot, they would have declared Medea's *soup à la Reine* of old Eson *haché*, and Saturn's family *hors d'œuvres*, to be *tender*, when compared to it: *—nor, in so doing, would they have forfeited their judicial oath, as I conscientiously suspect, either, or both, would have responded less "*noli me tangere*" to the palate.

In vain, I essayed the usual and most approved methods to cut, sever, divide—nay, even to hack it. I could not make the least impression on it; it was as tenacious of the "*cut direct*" as a country cousin, met obvious, on the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," or at the bottom of "Constitution Hill." The well tempered cutlery of my host was at fault;—in vain my assiduity to part it; it proclaimed "*war to the knife*;" and the latter, very unusual, only came off second best. I might as well have undertaken to carve the *Balaam box* of the "*John Bull*" in Fleet Street. "All flesh is grass!" saith the Scripture; but this, I apprehend, when in the bills of mortality, amidst the "lowing herd," must have graduated upon flint; or, at the least, Portland stone.

Panting with my dissecting labours, I turned it over on my plate; it was an ill-looking piece of cross-grained meat, done with the gravy in it, (as they say), of a

* Alluding to "Miss Medea's" attempt, to regenerate her father-in-law, by cutting him in collops and stewing him—and the father of the Gods 'lapideous diet.'

brownish tincture, *picked* out with orange fat, very much resembling in appearance the piece of flesh depicted in the tyke's mouth in the spelling book, and measured from the tip of the tail (for it had a sort of *caudatory* appendage,) to the snout (the other land's-end of it,) about four inches, by two.

Again and again, I attempted to cut it; but malgré, my endeavours, it still retained an imperturbable appearance of contumacy;—a sort of Barbara Allen obduracy.

At length, by dint of repeated hackings on its integrity, my efforts were crowned with a partial success; and I succeeded in braiding from the main division, about a square inch. Joyously, with the puissance of a conqueror, who has gained his "*little go*" at Waterloo, or elsewhere, did I place that parted morsel in my mouth. But to masticate it!—there was the rub: for though it set my teeth on an *edge*, they were not *sharp* enough to overcome its more than *overseer* insensibility:—no, there was an incorrigible durity about it, which defied my grinders; and as it slushed up and down in my mouth, like Indian rubber, it seemed to intimate "give us none of your *jaw*—I am no *chew* *chew* matter."

I threw down my knife and fork in despair; mentally assured, as the sweat ran down my cheeks, the beast that owned this steak was no common beast—no every day nowt; which after it has been roasted, baked, broiled, boiled, and fried, under the multifarious designations of hung-beef, cow-beef, bull-beef, ox beef,

and chicken-beef, is heard of no more. No! it doubtless was a descendant of one of Cacus's backward urged oxen—the pushing kine of Scripture—the dun cow—Tom Thumb's "milky mother"—or the colly with the "crumplety horn."

But, even were its pedigree thus established, how often it must have run about, its tail stiff, aloft in the clouds. How often it must have been advertised in the papers, as "stolen, or strayed." Not to mention, how often it must have exhibited the Horatian "*fœnum in cornu*," and topped the fences in pursuit of some elderly gentleman, with an umbrella and scarlet upper benjamin, before its flesh could have arrived at such a *Vardarelli* state of hardihood! Then, again, how many urchins must have ridden, suspended at its tail;—how many, the very "butcher of a silk doublet," it must have gored;—how many china shops it must have *unadvisedly* entered;—how many *Bullum versus Boatum* scenes it must have been an actor in;—how many brains it must have let out for a half-holiday;—how many "runs upon the bank," as Hood says, it must have caused!

My imagination pictured all these preparatory trainings of its toughness; and, once more, with the desperation of a man who is about to do, or die, or as Pope hath it, "greatly, daring dine." I attempted to devour the "cattle piece" before me;—munch, munch, munch. At last, completely out of patience with its contumacity, I pushed the dish from me. "The devil take it!" cried I. "So, I will;" replied a voice at my

elbow. I looked round, and espied a dapper, grinning little man in black, busily masticating my dinner. "Nothing like a beef steak for sea-sickness," said he, nodding familiarly to me, and he laughed: "no matter whether home bred, or 'neat as imported;'" and he laughed louder than ever. "There!" cried he, "I have pouched it;" and again the roof shook with his discordant laughter.

A feeling of awe began to creep over me, as I regarded the movements of my unknown intruder; which appeared to afford him great pleasure, as chuckle after chuckle testified. Presently he came up to me, and, with a malicious twist of his ugly countenance, inquired "if I were a judge of bulls?—I dont mean Irish bulls, or pope's bulls," said the wretch; and again my ears were grated with that horrid laugh.—"But *bond fide* bulls." "But, come," continued he, "I will show you a fine specimen—a very fine specimen indeed;" and, opening the door of the coffee-room, he admitted the hugest black bull I ever saw. I rose from my seat in evident alarm. "Come, dont be alarmed," exclaimed my tormentor, "he won't touch you—as gentle as a dove—a lady might ride on him;" and he laughed, as he patted the sides of the immense animal, which appeared a very *Margaret Professor* of vice and fierceness. The bull had now approached within a yard of me; when, all of a sudden, it began to bellow hideously, lashing its tail, and pawing the floor with its feet. "'Ware bull!" cried the little man in black, breaking forth in his abominable laugh. I sprang out of an

opposite window, closely followed by the infuriated monster; onward we went! "up Fish Street, down St. Magnus corner!" It was surprising to see how polite people were in giving place to us;—off went a commissioner of police's hat;—down on his marrow bones, in the most abject homage, went a portly alderman of Bishopsgate without. Even the very cabmen civilly turned their vehicles aside to let us pass—

"A brace of draymen bid—God speed 'us well,'
And had the tribute of *his* subtle knee,"

inclusive of his horns, and were instantly knocked into the kennel. His hackle was now raised, and numerous were the pedestrians that were every minute '*raising five hands high,*' and performing '*pas seuls*' in the air.—"Two pieces of still life," (mutes, at a door in Waterloo Place,) were regularly *nailed down*:—while he drew off a Magdalen, in his *best manner*, and made her evacuate her *flag station* in Regent Street.

Onward, onward, we flew, like a musket bullet and a cannon's ball!—the pursued and the pursuer. The sweat fell from me in large drops; and my terrible adversary was gaining ground on me every moment; for, every now and then, the frothy foam from his mouth scattered itself in immense flakes over my head and shoulders, scalding my panting flesh like vitriol!—Another moment, and his cruel horns would be lacerating my body. Agonised with terror, I made a dash into a shop;—a loud crash succeeded, intermingled with an exclamation of "oh cry!"—I opened

my eyes, (for I had been all this while asleep), and found myself still in the coffee-room; and that I had just, in my dreaming fears, upset my dinner table, and the waiter, who was at that instant entering with a glass of brandy grog, without sugar. "Waiter!" said a grave elderly gentlemen, "this is very unpardonable negligence on your part—come, I have been waiting for my brandy and water this ten minutes."—"Coming sir," cried the drawer; and the next moment he did come, with something *short* for the grave elderly gentleman, and something *devilish long* for me, in the shape of a bill for the destruction of sundry plates, rummers, and dishes "of sorts."

THE MISANTHROPE.

“ Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven?
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away;
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay,
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey!”

CHILDE HAROLD.

* * * * * He was a being of strange temperature—wayward and fretful, and his gloomy fancies were those of a once kind heart, too proud to break, yet iced and petrified by wrong. The peculiar play which habit, or the familiar sting of suffering had imparted to his countenance, invested his slightest expression with a sarcasm, or a moral. And this to the beholder often approached a sense of the harrowing and forbidding, the more so, as he possessed a pair of eagle eyes, whose restless glance shed here and everywhere, like torches carried by night, on a mountain's brow, and which appeared ever like the philosopher's lamp, of old, seeking, but in vain, for an honest man.

Apparently, friendless and alone, no one knew who he was; or where he came from. But there were not wanting those who, at times, discovered in his manner something which betrayed he had not always been the

desolate being he now was :—that, however, was only a conjecture.

Though not altogether shunning mankind, his chief delight (if it could be called so) was to meet them in those phantom places, where the vanity of all sublunary hopes and wishes are depicted in language more true and forcible than a vicar's homily ! Thus, one time, he might be seen in the churchyard, leaning o'er a mouldering tomb ;—the moral of the place !—starting and smiling by turns, at the outlawry of his own ruined mind :—and as some citizen, more portly than usual, passed by—perhaps enjoying, in anticipation, the shortly to be realized *Plum* : or secretly chuckling over some lucky hit, in which he had outwitted as great a rogue as himself—his eye (the Misanthrope's) would glance from him, to the “ sic transit ” of a neighbouring stone, with a significance which even the habitual apathy of the son of commerce could not always close his heart against ; and which, in spite of himself, would make him a graver man for the rest of the day ; and, perhaps, be the cause of his bestowing a halfpenny or two on some poor starving female !

At another time, the denizens of a pic-nic party, letting gooseberry wine and cold fowl fall, involuntary started, as they came upon him, seated, like a second Marius, on a ruin of the old castle, which they had made an excursion to see.

And then, the river was to him a volume of deep interest ; o'er whose glassy page he whiled away hours, watching the straws and other refuse as they

glided down the stream, and in the waywardness of his nature assimilating them to mankind ; and laughing bitterly as each shred and mite meandered in vaunted security down " the torrent's smoothness," regardless of the " dash below," which must inevitably meet them.

It was not, however, only in inanimate things that he found sermons, and " thoughts too deep for tears . Mankind, whatever they *might have been*, were to him *now*, nothing but a speculation—a mystery to conjecture on : in a word, a compound of mocking atoms, with which he had no concern, but whose sayings and doings he loved, for some secret reason, to probe and fathom. And his thoughts on them partook more of the " what might be " of the Seer, than the what was, of the actual observer. And these surmises of the " all hail hereafter," albeit, the offspring of a deranged brain, were invariably on the dark side : the sunny he had no heart for ; but he left it to others who, peradventure, had not seen, what he had seen—or suffered, what he had suffered !

To exemplify this morbid feeling :—in the mild, wee face of the infant, in whom the fond parent only read the pledge of tender hopes and wishes long entertained, and now realized,—he, by some telescopic fineness of vision, could trace the dark, vice-marked features of the denounced of after years—the future robber ! or murderer ! And comprehending " the future in the instant," his mind's pencil could fill up the background, now the downy softness of its mother's bosom !

with a terrible show—the gaunt tree of death—and a spectacle-waiting crowd !*

Again, in the playmates of youth, who chased together the gay and brilliant fly, he could single out, with the greatest facility, the “to be” deceiver and deceived. “Look !” he would say to some chance spectator, who, like himself, might be watching the childish gambol—“Look at that curly-headed boy, who calls the fair girl his little wife, and fills her lap with flowers.” “He will be that girl’s seducer !” “Yes, he who now views her as innocently as the unfledged dove does its callow nestling, will love—ruin—and leave her ! to be trodden on, like the broken violet which he has just thrown from him !” And, turning aside for a moment, he would again proceed with his hypochondriac presentiment, regardless, or not noticing the astonishment of the person he addressed, who, of course, took him to be insane: “Behold those two lads playing at ball,—a few years, and they will again meet in a scene like this—for the same divertimento,” (here a smile would steal o’er his pallid cheek at the mockery of the conceit,) “and the bright sun, may be, will shine as it does now ; and the green earth, and the blue sky, will be unchanged ! all—all will be the same—but they will be strangely altered ! for their faces, which now bloom like the opening rose, then, will be black and livid—and words

* “She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—

What may the fruit be yet ?—I know not—Cain was Eve’s !”

CHILDE HAROLD.

of strange sound, calling much for vengeance, will be heard!—and with eyes flashing forth defiance, they will draw each a bright tube; and then, will follow a flash—a report—a deep groan—and one will fall and die—and the other will fly—to wander, a second Cain,—far from the land, in whose bright scenes he now plays so innocent and happy!”

The above, to those who have kept friends with the world, and the world with them, may seem overdrawn; but it must be remembered, that to

“ Think and endure, and form an inner world,
—— where the outward fails,”

is the only remaining privilege which the poor Misanthrope has left him! Shakespeare, who well knew how to make misanthropy beautiful, has availed himself of this. Hence his solitary characters;—Hamlet, Timon, and Jacques, are more given to imaginary event building and moralizing, than any of his others: witness the several speeches which he has put in their mouths—“ All the world’s a stage,” “ To be, or not to be,” &c.

But to proceed: next to the indulgence of venting these “ thick coming fancies,” the being, of whom this is a fleeting sketch, delighted to play fantastic tricks with time, by jumping the intervening space between the present and the future, and joining them both together, in all such cases as the following—before and after marriage; out and in office; age and infancy, &c.

And these presentments, contrasting, as they did, the different bearings of the persons affected by the change, were generally more true than flattering to human nature! But what could be expected from one who, having experienced their less than nothingness, laughed at all such things, as are comprised in lovers' vows, professions of friendship, speeches from hustings, charity sermons, &c. And who, besides, had long been in the habit of going behind the scenes of life's play, and viewing the puppet actions of men, as moved by the showman nature of the moment, be that showman ambition, interest, or hate. Hence, by virtue of this imitation, he could often, unawares, dive into the recesses of the human heart, and bring up the original motive of a saying, or doing, ere it had assumed the special appearance of social hypocrisy. To instance this, it was his common practice, when any one was more strenuous than is wont, in defending the abuses of a profession, to ask him point blank, "if he were of that profession? and if so, whether five, or ten thousand, were the net profits of his last year's salary?" and, vice versâ, when any one was equally vehement in his reprehensions of the same, he immediately put him down as a poor curate—a broken lieutenant—a briefless barrister—a patientless surgeon, &c., according as the profession might be, which he abused and proclaimed, like Iago, to be a service, where "preferment goes by letter and affection."

This was, sooth to say, rather summary, and would not pass harmless at all times, and with all men; as

the generality of us, are too apt, like the drunken Macedonian of old, to hurl a javelin at him who has the hardihood to assert that we are not *altogether* angels, and do not choke at the husks of a fifty pound note.

Again, another trait in his character, which bespoke more than either of the foregoing,—the turning of the stung on the stinger was his prurient prevalency to pull down, and desecrate the popular idol of the moment. Thus, when a worshipper held up his graven image as worthy of universal frankincense and myrrh; in so much, that he was a true patriot,* professed (tempting warbles!) happiness for the many—no taxes—the people, the source of all power—tweedle-dee, tweedle-dorum. He would let him run on, plunging and throwing out his epithets of praise, like a skilful driver does a mettlesome horse, which the groom proclaims to be "*rather varmint.*" But when he had exhausted himself by the vastness of his eulogy; he would upset his whole hypothesis, by quietly exclaiming—"wait until he's offered a pension!"† * * *

* * * * *

* "And here and there, some stern, high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued!"

Don Juan.

† Gov. "Honour!"

Til. "A pension!"

Gov. "Conscience!"

Til. "A thousand pounds!!!"

Gov. "Ha! thou hast touched me nearly!"

The Critic.

Such was the being, who in the summer of 18—, suddenly made his appearance in the neighbourhood of the small town of —, and took up his abode in a ruined and dilapidated cottage, in the vicinity, which had long fallen into ill repute, by its being commonly reported, that it was haunted by the ghost of its late possessor, a man who had been tried and executed for a murder, some years back, committed under very aggravated circumstances. In this hovel, (for so long uninhabited, it could be called nothing else,) he lived alone, without servant, or companion; his whole stock of furniture consisting of two chairs, a table, a flock bed, laid on the floor, and some necessary articles of earthenware; together with a few books, mostly selected from the modern poets, ranged on what appeared to have been an old travelling trunk.

The seclusion of his habits, together with the marked satirical expression of his countenance, which at times approached something satanical, did not fail to create conjecture, as well as a good deal of sensation in the neighbourhood, where he had so mysteriously introduced himself; and as his neighbours thought unnecessarily. Especially, when it was known, that he had refused to hunt with the squire—play back-gammon with the parson—drink with the exciseman—and had utterly neglected to fall ill for the benefit of the doctor. These contumacies, of course, obtained for him the epithet of a “sly fox” by the first,—an “infidel” by the second,—a “smuggler” by the third,—and a “devilish unneighbourly fellow” by the last. Added to this, the

washerwoman openly protested, that "she had never rubbed a rag for him," and, ergo, "he was no gentleman." And the butcher, with whom he never dealt, would have called him a "modern Pythagorean," only, the gods had not made him "poetical." While, to complete the picture, those who had felt the sting of his sarcasms, unanimously conjectured he might be "an emigré—a retired player—or a whig, radical, or tory;" according to the antipodes of their several political faiths. But nowise daunted by these suspicions, every one having a right to think his fellow (the peerage not excepted,) "an ass, fool, bigot, et iis contrariis," (as long as he gives his thoughts no tongue), the recluse pursued his wonted tenour, now satirising, now moralising; until one morning, he was missed at his accustomed haunts—

"Not up the lawn, not at the wood was he!"

That day a farmer going by his lonely dwelling, surprised at the unusual stillness that pervaded it, stopped to listen; but his ear catching no sound, he at last forced in the crazy fastenings; and on a bed, spread on the damp floor, found the recluse breathing with difficulty. "How goes the world with you?" enquired the rustic, in his blunt way. "The world!" replied the pale being he addressed, his features lighting up with a momentary gleam of enthusiasm—"the world is very fair!—It is a lovely world!"—and he pointed to the scene that was visible from the half closed door.

“ But the people,” continued he, and a dark shade passed over his cheek, “ I thought them angels—but, I found them devils!” “ Na! na!” ejaculated the honest son of toil, whose sensibilities had never been put to the test of drawing comparisons between persons; and who seldom associated the evil principle with any thing, save a fast trotting nag, which he rode to market; and which he proclaimed, “ was a downright *divil* to go;” and who besides, thought this a fair opportunity to show his patriotism, by sticking up for his fellow-townsmen.—“ Na, na, you must na’ *spake* so sorely of your ‘ *feller* creturs,’ na, by joles!—for there are some very tidy men after all in the world; there’s Bill Jones, who keeps the ‘ Pig and Whistle;’—you knows Bill?—now I’ll be bound to say, there arnt a more *honest*—.” Here the recluse, sighing deeply, interrupted him, with “ Perhaps you are right;—I do believe there may be such a thing as a friend, who when you are driven into the slough of despair, would put forth his hand to save;—I do also believe, there may be a girl, who, when she says she ‘ loves,’ means not to deceive;—I do believe,” and his voice faltered;—“ I do believe there are such; and many worthy, — priests, whose lives are not a mockery to their words;—patriots, whose cry of liberty is not a pretence to obtain place; and lawyers, who are strictly honest.—There may be such—but I—I have not found them!”—and he sank down on the pillow exhausted.

When again, addressing the astonished rustic, who stood wondering at what he could not comprehend;—

“ And you, my friend, I think have not come here in mockery ”—“ but out of a pure desire to console,”—he would have said; but the suspicion of a long life returned—and viewing the now almost petrified farmer, with his piercing eye—piercing even in death, he added “ but I have still half-a-dozen silver spoons left;”—and saying that he expired !

Oh, love!—heart compelling love!—thou fresh!—thou ever green one! What soil is too dry, too barren for thee? Thou springest up alike, in the rich pasture of the hero’s bosom, and the arid waste of him who has none to help him! The poet sows the garden of his fancy, thick with bays and rhyme; but every time he plucks a leaf, he plucks thy blossom too! Again, the soldier plants his bosom field, with rows of laurels and cries of victory; and when he has twined them in a wreath for his brow of steel and plume, finds thee, blushing like a consenting maid between. Such art thou, Almighty Eros! But who would have looked for thee, flowering amid the nettles of the heart of him, whose end has just been told? But, so it was—even there, thou foundest a place to leaf and blossom in! For on laying him out, the woman employed declared he wore a charm about his neck; and on being questioned what the charm was, said, “ she would not have touched it for the world, lest ill should come of it!” But the curate, who never had any charms of his own, being therefore not disposed to be frightened by those of other people, examined the mystery in question, and found it to be a little black silk bag, pendant from a

ribband; which, on inspection, was found really to contain a charm :—a lock of beautiful light hair ! fastened by a knot of blue silk, and folded in an envelope of pink paper, with the initials of “ M. H.” on the outside.—It spoke volumes, for it told his tale !

RINGS.

“ When we parted, we exchanged our rings, and vowed eternal constancy. She heard that I was dead—believed it—and was constant to the dead. She heard I was alive—and was faithless to the living. I flew into her arms—was happy as the blest in Paradise. Think what a thunder-stroke, Amelia! She gave me back my ring—She took her own.”—SCHILLER’S ROBBERS.

There is a great deal more in trifles, than the generality of mankind are aware of, or, at least, are willing to allow. In fact, man, take what pains he will to deny it, is quite a child in these matters; and there are moments when they will steal noiselessly across his heart, apathetic as it may outwardly seem, like a spectre vessel o’er the midnight waters. It is then, a gaud—a locket containing the hair of her we love—a little flower—a tune of other days—will cause the ever revolving sun of busy and dissipated life to stand still for a while in the Gibeon of the soul, and make room for thoughts, which, in reality, lie “ too deep for tears.”

Among the “*genus nugæ*,” there is not one class that has gained such an ascendancy over the human heart, as that of rings. For there is a magic charm—a

romantic interest associated with a ring ; let it be the brilliant sparkler, that the maiden queen of old bestowed on the unfortunate Essex, or the penny signet, which the "first wrestler on the green" gives to his own—his nut-brown maid, which no other bauble possesses. Other bagatelles may, by their novelty, their prettiness, command our attention for a time, and we may wear them, until the gilding of their freshness frets away. But with a ring, it is quite different : that is always on our finger ; for when once placed there, it becomes, as it were, part and parcel of ourselves, and is never to be removed, except with life : sometimes not even then ; for instances have frequently occurred, when, after death, so pertinaciously has this *souvenir* been retained by the clenched hand of its possessor, that every means to obtain it, short of cutting off the finger, has proved ineffectual. Such is the interest which is, and has been felt for these mute trifles. That woman, encircled by the halo of her softness and purity, should regard the frail memorials of love and friendship, is not surprising ; but that their influence should steal o'er and take captive the iron-bound sympathies of man—full grown, awful man ! is a curious trait in human nature, which will ever remain inexplicable. Yet, it is not the wrought gold that composes a ring's hoop, nor its gemmed eye of dazzling light, that constitutes its charm. No ; but it is purely the work of associating it with its giver, and the occasion, on which it was given, that invests it with the right of naturalizing in our sympathies. Besides this, the well-known fact of

rings being mixed up with many of our historic recollections and tales of earnest heart,—not to mention, their intimate connexion with some of the happiest passages of private life,—the part they play in the little dramatic representations of our loves and friendships, as the pledges of the first, and the tokens of the last, go a great way in substantiating their claim to such a settlement. Thus, when called by ambition, or interest to foreign climes,—on parting with the blue-eyed girl, our own one—our fond one, who had so often hung, a thing enamoured, on our arm—“ We exchange rings ;” putting ours, as a pledge of our fidelity, on her finger, and a promise, that we, in due time, will break the cerements of absence, (for the absent are the dead !) and once more come back to claim our blushing bride ; while she gives hers, as a Mentor, to keep her Telemachus from the syren witcheries of the too attractive Calypsos of warmer lands. Should, however, her care have proved ineffectual—in a word, should we, in our absence, have become false and unworthy her love—on our return, she does not upbraid us : no ! but silently to mark her sense of the wrong we have done her, and to cut our heart, in the affecting words of Schiller, “ She gives us back ‘ our ’ ring—she takes her own !”

Again, when he, the friend, who has been *so dear* to us, is called by the voice of the bell to his last home—to show that in death we are not divided—he leaves in his will, a sum of money to buy a ring, which, when he is the companion of the worm, and no longer seen,

may, as it sparkles on our finger, remind us how kind, how enthusiastic he once was, and recall the many happy hours we have spent together—as schoolfellows—as partners in the enthusiasm of youthful schemes, long, long since blighted! as companions over the convivial glass; and lastly, may, by the magic of the name inscribed on its black and gilded surface, appeal to our sympathies not to hear him wronged, when the envious tongue is too busy with his fame!

But it is not alone, as the representatives of love and friendship, that rings are known to us, but also as the symbols of gratitude and forgiveness. The king, who yesterday wore the burning jewelry of a hundred royal ancestors,—to day, chased by rebel arms from his throne, and hunted like a thing proscribed—every door being closed in cruel heartlessness against the princely wanderer—by those “his former bountyfed,”—at last finds the denied protection in some woodman’s cot of simple loneliness. The next morning, ere he quits the rude hospitable wicket of his generous preserver, to enter the barque destined to bear him from the land once his—now his no more! he grasps the rough, but warm hand of the son of toil, who, when he is gone, with curious gaze, finds on his finger a glittering gem, its brilliancy dimmed by a recent tear. Alarmed at the responsibility of retaining such a princely jewel, which his untutored fancy tells him was left behind by the oversight of its owner, he rushes out to return it to his guest, who again grasps his palm and bids him keep it, as a memorial of his gratitude—

a monarch's gratitude—and that should he ever be seated on the throne of his fathers, to bring unto him that ring!

And lastly, the wild, thoughtless son, of too much youth and dissipation, choaked with the husks of maddening riot, and sated with the gilded treacheries of "gay companions round the bowl," resolves—in some blessed moment of remorse, when the angel Memory, perhaps from the tube of a little street organ, sighs in low and broken tones, an old familiar air, fraught with early hopes and scenes of childhood,—to return home, and ask forgiveness of the grey-haired old man, whose heart he has well nigh broken. 'Tis then, "while (to use the pathos of the Evangelist) he is yet a great way off,"—on the hill that overlooks his native plains, rehailing the quiet, happy scene below him;—the cottage, so white, where his careless boyhood was passed, with its incense of smoke arising noiselessly to heaven, as if in gratitude—the millstream, by swimming across whose liquid waters, contrary to parental solicitude, he had first exhibited symptoms of that wild disposition, since carried to such a fatal height—every thing the same as if he had only parted from them yesterday—he alone changed,—a feeling of something like reproach comes over him. And has he left this sinless calm for the scenes of brilliant mockery, in which he lately was an actor? He has! and the thought that he has, is of itself sufficient to show that he has sinned against heaven, and before his father; and is no longer worthy to be called his son. 'Tis then his father sees

him, and pities him, and forgetting all the throes his follies have cost him—throes passing those of woman!—in spite of his gout, hobbles out to meet him, and falls on his neck, and weeping, like any “Christom child,” calls him, “his own dear boy,” and tells him all is forgotten, and to cheer up, and not think of what is past, and “babbles,” that he may yet be happy in his “green fields.” But when he finds that all he can say will not comfort him, now awake to his unworthiness, as a last resource, our favourite ring is called in requisition! and the old man takes his own from his finger, and, with a shaking hand, puts it upon that of his son’s. ’Tis *then*, the young man knows, *indeed*, that he is forgiven, and for ever afterwards, wears that witching trinket as a guardian angel to keep him from returning to his former “riotous living,” and when he is seated at the convivial board, to whisper softly to him, to take a *glass, or two less*, and not bring his poor old father’s grey hairs to sorrow and the grave before their time!

To some, we may appear as having considered our subject too curiously, and they may accuse (if they are readers of Shakspeare, which ten to one they are not, else they would have more poetry in their souls,) of investing a mere “eight-penny matter” with too much interest, or, in other words, making a trifle of as great consequence, “an’ it were a seal-ring of our grandfather’s, worth forty marks.” To such, we put the simple question,—Are ye married?—wear ye still in your bosom; the rose, now full blown, which, when a bud, so delighted ye to smell upon the tree? In a

word, are ye happy? If so, ye would not be so ungrateful as to dismiss a subject, its theme the glitter of a ring, which surely *once* must have been fraught with the dearest solitudes to ye, (for ye cannot be unmindful, that to so small a matter as a plain gold hoop, ye owe whatever of earthly happiness ye enjoy; indeed, your existence; for had it not been for that plighting trifle, ye never would have been: (we take your mother's word for that!) with the brevity of a "veni, vidi," notice? If ye would, we would not; but would rather (if we had the power) clothe it in thoughts as glowing and as varied, as the colours of the gems which burn in its golden surcint.

This may seem enthusiasm; but we were always an enthusiast in rings and such like "*canoræ nugæ*," especially, from the time, that we heard our nurse trowl the legend—

" With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes"—

until the moment when we saw one of these sparkling witcheries, singing, as it shone, on the rosy finger of our lovely, and our true, the minstrelsy of our passion.

And we may be laughed at, but we never see a jeweller's shop without an indescribable emotion of feeling. To think how many parts, sad and sweet, those rings now lying in calm repose, are destined to play ere long, in the world of the passions! How many are yearly sent to affection's Carthage! And then, their variety: for nothing is more varied except female

beauty. First, there is the wedding-ring or ring of loving, plain but pure, in companies, of some twenty, protected from their more brilliant but less chaste associates, by a velvet rampart ; each in its bright destiny, the fulfilment of faithful love. Then come, to attract and waylay the many, hued witcheries ! The diamond, flashing forth aristocracy, the king of gems ; the paste, wisely avoiding, by a too near propinquity, a comparison with the preceding, yet not unfrequently, when alone, taken for the monarch stone ; the ruby, roseate synonyme of beauty's lip ; the topaz, glowing like a poet's thoughts, rife with fire ; the amethyst, to temperance dear, may be, a forget-me-not, convicted of inconstancy and changed into a stone ; the turquoise, itself misnamed, as it has little of the turk about it, but is rather associated with the mild lustre of our mistress's eyes if they are blue, but if not with the sea and cloud ; and finally, the jet, friendship's last offering ! like Hamlet tearful, weeping amid the brilliancy that surrounds it !

Oh, ye are beautiful, ye gemmed rings ! more so than flowers, for ye fade not, but bloom in shine for aye ; unless, like woman's heart, ye are ill-used and broken. When we forget ye, then will "chaos be come again !" No ; your fond records are indelibly inscribed on our heart, like murdered Rizzio's blood, never to be rubbed out by common place, or "*scouring drops*," be they ever so detergent.* For whatever

* Alluding to the well-known moral, so pleasantly related in the introduction of one of the Waverley novels, concerning the *never to*

moments of feeling we enjoyed in youth—moments when the world's shallow schemes and small ambition were shut out, ye and your kindred poesy, auld syne ballads, flowers, &c. &c., were the cause of them. And in our age, when we are grown sordid, selfish, and the very fac-simile of those, whom, in the heyday of youth and spirits, we so ridiculed and pitied, their recollection will, by occasionally shedding a gleam of something like sentiment over our soul, add a little respectability to a period of existence which is seldom very creditable to human nature. It may be then, as by chance, we turn over the contents of an old travelling trunk,—a ring, a token of some early love, or friendship, will drop out. And, as we view it, a momentary flash of former enthusiasm will come back to us, and forgetting the matter of fact the world has taught us, we shall once more sail down the stream of our youth, and with that token, wed the Adriatic of bygone and better recollections.

be too much esteemed London Bagman, who, in order to give a proof specimen, that his new patent "detergent scouring drops," were of *la première qualité*, attempted (glory to him!) to essay their efficacy, by rubbing out the "gouts" of Rizzio's blood from the boards of Holyrood.

APROPOS AND MALAPROPOS.

“ The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.”—*Hamlet*.

“ Hyperion to a satyr.”—*Ibid*.

THE world is divided into two great sects, or parties ; viz., those born with a silver spoon in their mouth, and those with a wooden ladle. *Apropos* is the head of the former ; *Malapropos* of the latter. Both of them are ancient and of some standing ; for, in looking over history's page, we find that Camillus was an *apropos*, when he came just in the nick of time to save his countrymen's five shilling pieces from the unwashed hands of Brennus and his *sans culottes* ; and that Clytus was a *malapropos*, when, in contradiction to Alexander, the king his crown and dignity, he persisted, “ *usque ad nauseam*,” (the more fool he !) that “ Father Philip” was the better man of the two.*

* In what court of modern Christendom, or Humandom, would you now find such a “most particular fellow?” An invention of a duplicate of the man, who filled his pond with a *score of oysters and a double allowance of salt*, in order to breed a bed of those “mute inglorious Miltons,” would be easier.

Nor has the breed, (thanks to the "daddie o't," since decreased. For the king of the B—— may well be allowed to claim kindred to the first, seeing, that he came over a poor needy adventurer, with his shirt, successfully endeavouring; "superas evadere ad auras," vulgarly to bolt through his dishonourables. And surely Malapropos loses nothing by the able personification of it, by a brother potentate, who—

* * * *

But to proceed in our account of these two great personages. Apropos is called the "dear creature"—"the delightful man"—"the agreeable fellow," &c. While Malapropos, to wit, gets no better designation, than "the Marplot"—"the unlucky dog"—"that what's his name," &c. This difference, however, in nomenclature, will not be wondered at, when we state to our courteous reader, that Apropos is an agreeable lover, all scent and sentiment, who keeps his appointment, to the minute. Malapropos, a foolish brute of a husband, who stumbles in just at that *crowning* moment when his presence could *particularly* be dispensed with, and spoils sport. (Curse him!)

Furthermore, Apropos is a rich old miser, who with the greatest *bonhomie* imaginable, kicks the water bucket of his life, just at the time when his heir has spent his last screw and is divided between laudanum and the Serpentine River, and leaves him all his fortune. Malapropos, a grey-haired old hunk, who, with a malice truly provoking, recovers, just as his successor has ordered a tilbury, and established a

figurante on the speculation of his decease ; indeed, in all relations of life, the one is in direct antipodes to the other.

Thus, by laughing at stories, which are in reality no laughing matter, and by ramming down the throat, a Pomfret lozenge, when a cough is troublesome, Apropos can charm the “ Geordies ” of the most cunning sexagenarian into his pocket. Malapropos, by his untowardness, scares those away, which, like Gilpin’s hat and brutus, were on the way to his ; inso-much as he lets his countenance cream and mantle at his uncle’s—“ I’ll tell you another very curious thing,”—and compliments a *malade imaginaire* with looking as healthy as the Leamington Spa. Again, in making love, Apropos knows the exact moment when to pour into the ear of his “ gentle Zitella,” his romance of softness. On the other hand, Malapropos’ nose bleeds all over his fair one’s blue chalis bodice, as he is making his *dénouement* of hand and fortune ; and, to give a finishing stroke to his unluckiness, when he thinks he may exercise the privilege of Tabouret and sit down, he overshoots the mark, and falls upon his bottom, when, of course, his mistress lightly trips off, without staying to say—

“ Once more unto the *breech*, once more !

But to continue our illustration : If a friend quarrels, and intends to take the *grass*, Apropos is always ready with a pair of hair triggers, and will, *à la minute*,

prepare a chaise, a surgeon, and all the necessary implements of satisfaction ; indeed, as the advertisements have it, will make himself generally useful. While on the same occasion, for prevention of any little misunderstanding which might otherwise ensue, with a species of intempestivity totally inexplicable, Malapropos prates of worms, coroner's "quests," and trials by jury ; and puts to flight the little moderation of liking and courage you may have sported for the entertainment, by whining out with a horrid face, "that we all are liable to accidents—one *must* fall, and there is not such a merciless beast in the world, as your loaded pistol."

All ease, compliment, and *bonhommie*, Apropos insinuates himself into the good graces of every one, and is always making friends : vice versâ, Malapropos loses his, and is ever getting into scrapes by his system of blundering. But can it be wondered at ? For if you ask him to dinner, and treat him to a bottle of your very best particular champagne, (not Charles Wright's !) he will, with the most imperturbable gravity, ask you if there has been a good crop of gooseberries this year ; and then, he will take up your silver candlesticks, (which have been heirlooms in your family for years, and have been furbished up, expressly for his coming,) and turning them round with his finger and thumb, will begin technically to admire their workmanship, solidity, elegance of design, &c., &c., and then, placing them again on the table, will patriotically conclude with, "really, they have lately arrived at such a height of

improvement with these thing at *Sheffield*, that there is no knowing them from real silver; indeed, they look just as well!"

And with the necessary variations, the same with your wife's foreign shawl, your daughter's gold chain, and your own brilliant ring; each of which, in its turn, he, impromptu, apostrophises, as the "finest specimen of our *Norwich* looms."—"A very pretty chain that, Miss; if you don't tell it, no one will know it from gold!"—"The most beautiful *Bristol pebble* he has ever seen!"—(that's your ring.)

But this is not one tithe of his *endearing* accomplishments; in a word, he is a regular *Regius Professor* in the art of making himself disagreeable. For if there be a raw—a sore point in a man's character, moral, or professional, he is sure to gall it; or, if there be any "*noli me tangere*" subject particularly obnoxious to any one, he is certain to land on the debatable part of it—he cannot help it for the life of him. Thus, if, like Dr. Johnson, you have had the honour of having a relation elevated to the rope-age,* you may set it down as secure, that he will not be long in your company, without making some ugly allusions to Jack Ketch, gallows, the price of hemp, &c. &c., or *mutatis mutandis*; should you be a Whig, (some people

* Alluding to the stale Joe of the literary Elephant, so often reiterated in "journals, medleys, mercies, magazines,"—anent his announcing in form, to his sweetheart, that he had had a relation hanged, and her rejoinder, that, though she could not boast of that family distinction, she had many of her name who highly deserved it! In which assertion, I believe, she was not peculiar.

have that misfortune,) he will incontinently d—n all Whigs and Whigmeleeries.

Again, are you are a coward, (no offence, Hal!) encomia on bravery, Lord Nelson, and the Nile are with him the order of the day. In vain, after many attempts to cough him down, as they say in the house, like the Roman citizens at their gladiators' show, you turn up your thumbs in disapprobation; in vain, too, you twist your mouth into the shape of every letter in the alphabet, from round O, to crooked Z—writhe and wriggle on your chair, and chirrup like a house sparrow in hatching time, till, losing all patience, and smarting under his infliction, you exclaim

“ No more of that, Hal, an' thou lov'st me.”

He will take no hint; but, on the contrary, will return to the charge with forty additional horse vigour, and, in the end, you are obliged to throw him out the window, or trundle him down stairs, in your own defence.

A few words more, and our Plutarchian parallelism will be complete. Apropos, like Sheridan, has all the lucky hits, the happy sayings, the brilliant repartees. Malapropos, the bulls, blunders, and *contresens*. Take a few examples; if you speak of Moore's poetry to the last, he, as matter of fact as the Poets' Corner in a country journal, thinks you mean Francis Moore physician, *his almanac*, and declares with the wisdom of a Solomon all in the wrong—“ I like his lines on April very much indeed; ” and forthwith he begins to repeat—

"If man his health did duly weigh and choose,
And the non-natural rules would rightly use——"

and then shewing his "dentes sapientiæ," adds with a dubious shake of the head, "but I think we ought not to place too much reliance on his statement of the weather;" or, should you speak of Hervey's Meditations, he'll tell you, without relaxing a muscle, "it is a capital sauce for soles, and that he never uses any other at his table." Or should, too, some hair-brained collegian, just enfranchised from "little goes" and Joy's Academics,† volunteer a florid descant on the pleasures of travel, and of the land where

"The poet's heart and the painter's hand,
Are both divine——"

Immediately, uttering a sigh loud enough to upset her Majesty's ship Pike, he proclaims, that he has also a great desire to see "*Yorkshire, Wiltshire, and all those foreign parts*, only, really his many avocations and business—business must be attended to, *you know!*" * *

* * * * *

"Ah! ah! two marvellous clever fellows these! I should like vastly to see them. But you'll laugh at me, when I tell you, I always took Apropos and Malapropos to be inanimate things. The first, any thing well timed; such as, for instance, a mutton chop after

* Vide Moore's Almanack for April, 1834.

† Joy, a celebrated Alma Stultz.

a journey, or a pair of slippers waiting your return from a wet ride. And Malapropos, of course, the reverse; a bedstead inhabited, or a smoking chimney. And pardon, even now, for doubting that there really are such persons extant; on the contrary, are they not beings purely of your imagination?" "No; 'pon honour! Apropos is an Englishman, though of French extraction; and Malapropos, who is his cousin, an Irishman." "And to convince you, if you'll come to the window, I'll point them out to you, for they are generally to be seen in the streets—but *en passant* take care you don't mill my wife's *Sevres*,—ha! you have done it!" "I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear sir, but ——" "There, never mind, it is of no consequence as it happens; only I have *not now* to shew you, *malapropos at least*. But here, do you observe that genteel young man, his appointments all in harmony; he snatches up that little white headed child, who has gotten entangled in the wheels of an omnibus—he is Apropos."

"Now for Mal, (the unlucky dog!)—let me see—oh, look there, at that fellow wrapped up in a great coat, with some dozen capes, and these the dog days." "I don't discover his latitude." "No! why you can't miss him, for he leaves a trail behind him; as he has just over the way, run his umbrella in that costermonger's eye; a little further, tripped up a baker's boy with a rice pudding. But now you have a fine opportunity of seeing him, for, lo! he returns; and I'll bet you a bottle of claret, he walks extempore into that cellar,

where they are melting tallow. I told you so, he does, by Jupiter ! and emerges all grease, as fine a London dip as ever was snuffed. But we must not *dwell*, as Horace's father,* would have said, on such a *wicked* subject, lest we be taken for the "great sublime," we have attempted to draw !

* Horace's father was a knight of the hammer.
(*" Knowledge for the People."*)

THE DIARY OF A DETENU FOR DEBT.

Oh ! no he paid them never,
But received them when they came,
With a bow polite as ever,
And they tried to look the same.

Parody.

Tuesday.—Rose at twelve, after having dreamt all night of Wilkie's "Distraining for Rent," catchpoles, spunging-houses, "et omne." *Mem*, rather ominous. Took my chocolate, however, and inserted a small quotation of *Cogniac* by way of salvo for the blues ! But the democrats would not hearken to reason, so even let them have their own way, and proceeded to summon my mental corporation into a committee of ways and means, and to legislate, *en passant*, on *Prince's mix's* impertinence to me, the other evening, in his shop, about his bill ;—due however to *self* to state, that I lost the "opera," and a *tête-à-tête* with "the prettiest creature fresh from Milan," as Byron has it, in offering to compound with the rascal, and the rest of



Diary of a Titmouse for Debt.

London: George Thomas, 11, Fleet Lane April 2, 1861.

the gang (query *press* gang). But would'nt come into proposition; would have the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill!" or he'd——.

Wonder will he take steps, the Muscovite! as he threatened? (and here, *par parenthèse*, how I abominate those nauseous law phrases:—a proper slang for rogues though!—N. B. every lawyer one). John tells me he saw the aforementioned savage in close confab last night with two ill-looking articles, known to be of the genus—Tipstaff. No doubt he had an eye to his bird, shall therefore keep close in the Home department.

One o'clock.—Reflections broken by a professor of "*La gaie Science*," who, Apollo be good to us! volunteered the following under my window:—

" Of debt, pretty lads, beware!—beware!
And never fall in debt:
For if you do—you'll go you *know where*;
Then never fall in debt!"

Cursed personal! so sent John to put the stop note to her qavers, (for it was a feminine). But who would have thought it? He no sooner opened the door, than the *ci-devant* '*Sontag*' and another rushed in, making no more of his prostrate corpus than the horses of a French diligence would of the dust in the *Rue Vivienne*. In a word, it was the bums!! (Phœbus! what a designation!)

"A devilish fine stroke of genius that!" who would have thought the "rump-fed" rascals being up to it! but what was to be done? I "sporting my oak" for

bourgeois, whom you may chanced to have *honoured* by purchasing his wares. Mem. shall draw up a memorial for *Ballot Lovestate, M.P.* to lay on the table next session, praying for an abolition of this arbitrary abuse of the liberty of the subject; when, no doubt, two thirds of the house, for *private reasons*, will give their most cordial support to the measure: *probatum est!*

One o'clock, F.N.—While lunching, imagined a smart thing, which, as it was rather *German* to my situation, and not to be guilty of misprision of punning, I made a *mem. of.* It was to wit—*that though a laurel is an honour to a man, a bay leaf (Bailiff) is not!*—Not bad, that, by Hook!—will do for the “United,” if not, give it to “Comic Annual” Hood.

Three o'clock.—John brought in the papers. Read a florid description of the Hon. Mrs. Vernon Bon ton's fancy *bal*, in the “Morning Post;” and find that Sir Dumpling Dolittle, who is as fat as a sleeping Cupid “disfigured” Hamlet. “O that this too solid flesh would melt!” and Slender Simpkins, Esq., his friend, Falstaff!! Must have been rich!—or, as Horace says, “*Magnum spectaculum uterque!*” But to proceed—was in the middle of a long account of “Venetian peasants, “broom girls,” “fair Circassian slaves,” &c. when a voice, from behind, strongly impregnated with what the inhabitants of the East, call “Barclay and Perkins' Entire,” grumbled—“My *hies!* Jim, if old Jenkins is n't a Bankrupt! we have lost a fine job there, my tulip.” Looking round, found the two guardians of Habeas Corpus leaning in an *à la Sevigné* attitude over

the back of my chair. I reconnoitred them with my glass for a moment, and then pocketed the affront, and also the paper, and walked to the window—leaving them, I suspect, to the entertainment of any thing but heroical notions of my character, as the interjection which shortly followed, of “gallows haughty, by God!” verified.

At dinner, another instance of their free and easiness appeared. For, after gorging themselves with my *maintenon* cutlets until only one, like the last man at the opera, remained; one of them drew a halfpenny from his pocket, and giving it a technical spin with his finger and thumb, spluttered out, his mouth full of half unmasticated *matériel*—“I say, Jim, I’ll toss you for that ere odd’un—man or ’oman?” By all that’s levelling! there was no standing this, so taking up a bottle of wine from the table, I retired to my bed-room, and, locking my door, smoked sixteen segars out of pure vexation, without tasting one of them, although they were of *la première qualité*.

All the while, he of the petticoats, with a bottle of my old crusted port, “neat as imported,” in one hand, and a huge “Cader Idris” of bread and cheese in the other, patrolled up and down the yard below, like the sentinel in Pizarro. Nor was his comrade a whit less cautious, as the frequent gurgling of liquor, as it descended his œsophagus, proclaimed him to be planted at my door.

At ten, bottle and segars being extinct, went to bed inwardly cursing all duns and their myrmidons, and

morally determining to give, in the morning, my second best Petersham to my valet, as it approached their detested colour in hue.

Thursday.—Clara's brother called ; would not have him know " my little go " for the world. For, besides its breaking off my match with his sister, (she has 10,000 charms, i. e. pounds !) he would report it in every house between this and St. James's, being, as he is, a regular " daily Dispatch " for scandal. So, desired John to say I was engaged for the present, but in a few minutes would see him. In the meanwhile, I prevailed upon the followers of " Lex," by dint of promises and such like pie-crust assurances, to incarcerate themselves in a brace of my Stultz made coats and non-descriptives ; and, after a little titivating under the hands of John, I thought they might pass, *malgré* that the latter of the afore-mentioned vestments sat rather tight on their *quartier de Clinkers*.

So I went down and presented them to Waldegrave, as Dr. Killpatient, my physician, and Mr. Drama, my apothecary. I trembled, as you may well suppose, while the ceremonial was going on for nodding their skulls, the rogues strode forwards, as if about to give him their professional clap on the shoulder. I shall never forget how Waldegrave stared ; but then their extremely fashionable costume seemed to satisfy him, and I have hopes that he did not discover my *ruse*. After the usual topics of the parks, the theatres, and the last new adultery had been discussed, in getting up to depart, Waldegrave inquired, " Ah ! by the bye, Mac-highflyer, why were you not at the club last night ? we

missed you very much, 'pon honour !" I pleaded a violent Pompilius* *bill-ious* attack. At this, he, on whom I had gratuitously conferred the honorary distinction of a *diploma*, set up a laugh seldom practised by the faculty, and which partook very little of the locality of Grosvenor-square ; while the apothecary commenced the most unsurgical operation of thrusting his tongue in his cheek. Clara's brother stared, first at one and then at the other, and, as he took me by the hand, told me to " take care of myself, for I did look *rather distressed*."

What did he mean? Surely he does not suspect the truth ! But visitors, like misfortunes, seldom come single ; for in the afternoon old Waldegrave drove his " galloping dreary duns" to the door, (having heard, no doubt, of my being indisposed from his son,) atrociously actuated to immolate me at the green baize altar of his idol " whist."

Well, really these old men are the greatest bores in—" Ah ! Mr. Waldegrave, how d'ye do, sir? This is kind. Pray take a seat ; and how are the ladies at home ? We were just talking of you, and wishing you might drop in to make up a rubber, and—but I beg pardon—my friends, Dr. Killpatient and Mr. Drama. Well, shall we sit down ? We cut for partners, I suppose ; the two highest and the two lowest. 'Tis as we sit ; you and I, Mr. Waldegrave, and the Doctor and his friend."

* Vide " Don Juan" for the term.

And down we sat; but those vulgar dogs! with their "two for we,"—"they trays," and "the Jack of spades is trumps." If the old man had not been as deaf as an adder, all would have been up. Positively, these things ought to be managed better; and as these *attachés* of the law are so much now-a-days in the company of men of fashion, they ought to be well educated men, or, at the worst, poor devil authors or Welsh curates.

Friday.—So John tells me, Mrs. Sewin, the fish-woman, has been here, crying and whimpering, *à la* "*Quickly*," that she is a "lone woman, and her children will be on the parish;" a likely story, when bread is so cheap! And then, her impudence, to say, If I would only pay her half of her bill, she would leave the other lay over till another time; or if I wasn't able to pay her the rest she would never ask me for it. I am glad John sent her away.

Two o'clock same morning.—Am determined those rascals shall do something, instead of sitting down all day on the floor and drinking my wine, like Saib and Hassan, in "*The Castle Spectre*;" so made them assist while I superintended the erection of my new billiard table.

Six o'clock.—Ha, ha, ha! to think little Isaac, the Jew, has called to implore of me to let him have his plate "backsh again, and he would say he leantsh it."—"Cunning Isaac! no doubt your aunt used always to call you little Solomon. But I can't exactly do that, Isaac. Think of my honour. Ha, ha, ha!"

Saturday.—Heigho! am afraid I am growing pale. My *moustaches*, too, seem to droop and change colour. Shall take them off, as well as my whiskers, and put them carefully by in a *portfeuille*. Besides, must not forget to order John to inspect my wardrobe, and sprinkle my drawers with *lavender*—pshaw! no; but with what its name? lest they imbibe some unpleasant odour by being so long unworn.

Eleven o'clock.—Didn't know what to do, so looked over my *carte payante* roll, but could not get through half of it, it tired me so abominably; so shoved the bills into a drawer, and turned the key upon them, wondering how any one could have the patience to compose such atrocities. Tat tat went the door—the postman's knock. Something for me, by Jupiter! John brought in a letter—opened it, found it was from Maria, enclosing a five pound note, "thinking it might be useful." Poor thing! I *rather* suspect I have used that girl ill; but—atism!—atism! how confounded strong this snuff is.

In the evening looked for a segar—*diable*! none in my case. Sent John to Princes-mix's to get a dozen; but he refused to send them until I had settled for the others. Impertinent! I shall report him; and if he gets afterwards another customer in his shop, my name's not Diddler Machighflyer.

* * * * *

Monday.—So it seems, I am, -to be translated after all. Cursed annoying, must say, that a gentleman cannot encourage in a *liberal way* his tradesmen,

without the ungrateful wretches turning upon him, and taking the law in their own hands. But there, dismals to the old one ; it is only *serving a few weeks in the fleet*, as Hook would say ; and as the Crockford men have promised to dine every day with me, each in his turn, I shall do pretty well ; that is, always supposing the *Fleeters* keep a French cook. Egad, if they don't, must petition Parliament in my behalf ; for, poz, never could tolerate an English *Ude*. Twelve o'clock.—Carriage at the door, “ John, if any one inquires for me for this next six weeks, mind, I am gone on a secret mission to the island of *O-Y-U* ; you understand : and, John, don't forget to order the new liveries at Stultz's against my return. Coachman drive on.

THE RETURNED LETTERS.

Yet,—oh ! yet,—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench believe not,
Hearts can *thus* be torn away.—BYRON.

The black sealed letter, which tells the death of a friend or relative, comes like a cypress on the brow of happiness, and, for the time being, excludes all consolation, and our thoughts become as sombre as our garments, the

“ ——— customary suits of solemn black.”

Yet, heart rending as this is, it is nothing when compared with the utter agonization which awaits the reception of the missive, that treats of affection's death ;—the cruel difference of the style, in the substitution of plain Sir, for the former “ *Dear George,—Henry.*” &c. &c. The shaking of the hand that wrote it, signifying that it was like the death-warrant of Charles

the First, a sad necessity;—the tear on the paper, to
show that he was still dear— * * *

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In one of those small streets, which give into many of the larger thoroughfares of the metropolis, and and whose juxta position, contrasting with the bustle and gaiety of the latter, chills the warm blood of the pedestrian, and forcibly reminds him of some broken hearted being, led by the well intentioned care of friends, to “banish his regret,” amid the glare and brilliancy of the ball room!

In the second floor of a house situated in one of the above mentioned gloomy passages, sat William D——, his head resting upon his hand, apparently deeply engaged in memory’s world,—perchance wandering in her green places with some fond one of other days! and his thoughts only recalled to this lower sphere by the distant echo of an ever-grinding organ; or the touching note of some houseless female, warbling “Isle of beauty!” whose emaciated face told it had been no isle of beauty to her! At that moment one of those loud quick knocks, to which we are apt to associate evil, was heard at the door below; and, in a few minutes, one of the landlady’s children entered his apartment, and placed a square brown paper parcel on the table. The human heart is a kind of seer—it forebodes misfortune, and trembles at its approach. In the present instance it was so. For as William at tempted to light his candle, his hand shook so violently

he could not reach the wick:—he sat down—and then, at last succeeded, by dint of pushing the candle in the bars, to light it. He approached the ill-omened parcel—he took it up—could it be for him? and was it not a mistake? No, it was all right—the directions were to him—it was his Mary’s hand—that hand never seen too oft!—what could she mean?

With a trembling hand he undid the envelope, and a letter dropped out;—he opened it, and found—oh God! that he was loved no more;—and that all his letters were sent back; together with the little remembrances, which she had cherished as coming from him. The ‘Album,’ in whose tinted pages, at her express desire, he had copied some of the youthful effusions of his muse;—the ring which, in a playful hour of fondness, he had put on her finger, as a *locum tenens* for the *dearer token* he shortly hoped to place there. Yes! she had sent back all;—had made no reservation for one on whose knee she had often sat—whose arm had embraced her—whose kiss she had taken and returned—and with whom she had walked on the mountain, in the plain, near the silent river—and whom she had declared she loved;—whose visit she looked for, like a sunny day, and whose parting she wept—

“ — Is Conrad gone? ”

All this passed through William’s brain in a moment; and after all this, could she be false?—No, it was all a phantasy.—

“ If she be false, O, then, heaven mocks itself!
I’ll not believe it; — — — ”

And again he took up the hand writing,—“ She demands her letters!” said he, bitterly,—“ yes, Mary demands her letters;—she shall have them—but it shall be from my hand;—the hand she once pressed, and now casts from her!” And, unlocking a small box, where he had treasured them as in a heart, he collected them together, and sealed them in a packet; and that night, lonely and broken-hearted, mounted the coach to M——, where she lived.

Oh love! thy chains are rosy blossoms, but they want the captive's iron of security!—A doubt, a word, a thought, has broken them 'ere now!—and then, they are not proof against the canker worm of scandal. A few months, and the twain had met all smiles, and parted all tears; after some halcyon days spent in giving and receiving happiness, such as young hearts *only* can feel, who love for love alone. And when the hour of separation came, he left her to seek and push his fortune for her sake—his own, his fond one; bearing in his bosom much of future bliss, and a lock of her fair hair, which she had severed, to be at once an amulet and remembrance to him; for lovers have faith in such innocent superstition.

So loved they each other. But a noxious reptile seizing the advantage of his absence, and when all was confidence! crawled its slimy tail o'er his fair name, and croaked that he was false! And, if to worship her shrine in his heart, and to feel rapture at the mention of her name, and when hearing a song she used to sing him, were to be false,—then he was false indeed! But

when did truth ever escape the cruel fangs of falsehood? Long, Mary combated with the hateful suspicion; until, in an hour of injured feeling, when hardly pressed by the tempter, she, with many a tear, returned his letters, and vowed never to love him more!

But to return to William;—it was late on the second day when he entered—and as he drew near the familiar landmarks of former joys, his heart sank within him. Ah! why does not memory die with happiness? He reached the well known-threshold, where he had often been so welcome;—he knocked at the door,—it receded to his knock;—he entered, and stalked in like a ghost, pale and haggard. Mary was seated with her back towards the door, in the little parlour, where, in happier hours, they were wont to meet; when, turning her eye, she almost gave a shriek, as he passed, and sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands. Twice he essayed to speak, when “tears, such as angels weep, burst forth!”

At last, in a broken voice he approached her—“Mary, you desire the return of your letters?” She assented with a nod, and then turned away to conceal her emotion. “There they are!”—and he placed a small packet on the table:—and then, regarding her with a look of utter wretchedness, he moved towards the door;—but still he lingered;—it was parting for the last time;—they might never meet again;—flashed across his mind in vivid bitterness. He caught her—he strained her in his arms; and then, with a heart piercing cry, rushed from the room!

Some days afterwards, on examining the packet which he had left, Mary found, among her letters, one from himself. It was written with much pathos; and there were some passages, never afterwards thought of without a pang;—particularly one, where he spoke his conviction that she would not altogether forget him. The following is the extract alluded to.—“ In the busy cares of domestic life, and the witcheries of pleasure, you will have little time to think: and the remembrance of our connexion will be as dim and as shadowy as a dream!—But yet, you cannot forget me altogether;—no, a voice will speak for me in your greatest enjoyments—at the gay ball—in the summer’s walk—nay even when you have the baby in your lap, which ought to have been mine.—’Tis then, a little street organ will warble one of my favourite tunes, and you will push the child from you, and think alone of him who once loved you so dearly—so enthusiastically!”

Time passed, as time will, making many changes! and Mary was married, and the mother of a rosy child;—and William had died some years before, of a consumption, at Genoa; where he had gone to seek some soothment in the change of scene. The delights of that delicious country were many; but they were of no avail; he heeded them not, for his eyes like his heart were far away:—until at last, wasting by degrees, as has been before said—he died!

It was one summer’s evening, in the July of 18—, when all was hushed, save that “drowsy tinkling,” of which poets speak, when a little organ, of peculiar

sweet tone, was heard in the streets of M——. And the man, with the tact of people of his class, continually changed his stop, in order as it would seem, that he might hit upon some tune, whose recollections might at once open the hearts and purses of his hearers. After many attempts of this nature, he at last struck up a little melancholy air, whose low and broken tones assimilated well with that song, which L. E. L. has enshrined in her bird-like verse—

“ I heard it at the evening’s close,
Upon my native shore—
It was a favourite song with those
Whom I shall see no more ! ”

Scarce had the tune commenced, when a neighbouring window was hastily opened, and a fair hand threw out a shilling. Surprised at the unusual gratuity, the man looked up, when a deep sob caught his ear.— It was Mary;—and the words of her lover had come to pass;—for she had heard his favourite song, and wept bitterly !

KIDDYISM.*

(Mer.)—" O their *bons*, their *bons* !"

Romeo and Juliet.

Kiddyism is a very ancient profession, and, indeed, its professors, like the pristine Romans, are very tenacious of its antiquity. Its exact origin is dark and uncertain, though some contend that Adam was the first Kiddy, because he adorned his body with leaves ; while others, with more justice, say, that Joseph was the primeval Kiddy, insomuch as his father made him a *kiddy* coat of many colours, which coat, he afterwards left in the grasp of the accomplished wife of Potiphar.

Kiddyism is the art of being decidedly different from the rest of one's fellows, and of knowing the art how to suit stockings, hats, and gloves to each hour, day, month, and season of the year, in the same manner as an experienced piscator does his baits. It is also the

* *Kiddy* is the provincial *sobriquet* for a fop or exquisite; it is derived from their partiality to kid gloves.

art of having things natty and superior in quality and quantity to those of others, as in the *minutiæ* of snuff-boxes, smelling bottles, shirt pins, eye glasses, watch guards, and pocket handkerchiefs, &c. &c. Therefore, as its chief end is to make its votaries *exclusive*, notorious, and unlike the residue of the world, when a kiddy performs any thing, let it be ever so insignificant, where he switches his cane, or ties his neckcloth, it must not be like other people, or he forfeits his kiddyship.

A Tyro, before he becomes a kiddy, must endure three several mutations ; he must first be a suckling, or pickle, next a major, and last a perfect kiddy ; going through the same process, as certain lepidopterous insects do, ere they assume their permanent forms.

A kiddy has been supposed by some naturalists to be of a distinct order of human beings ; that is, one immediately between a man and a woman—in short, a neuter.

In personal appearance he is a long-shaped, wasp-waisted, bodyless biped, with features made delicate by a copious application of all the cosmetics that are puffed in newspapers and magazine wrappers. His head, on the outside, is plentifully laden by nature with long bushy skeins of hair, as if the fickle goddess wished to make the *amende honorable* for her scant furnishment of the interior. Some of the hair, by constant application of the wash, he forces to stand on end, “like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;” while each side of his pericranium is fiercely defended by a *chevaux de frise* of

greasy pilosity. He is not carnivorous in his appetites; his nutriment being mainly vegetables, and including, when he can procure them, plum cakes, jam tarts, custards, jellies, and blanc mange; all of which he devours in large quantities, and with amazing dispatch.

In disposition, he is very harmless and sociable; being by nature gregarious; when the weather is fine he may be seen linked arm in arm with others of his genus, walking the streets, "the observed of all observers;" or lounging in bazaars, exhibitions, and the emporiums of pastry. A constant companion of the ladies, he shares their frowns and smiles in common with their poodles, monkeys, and parrots; while from their society he is never exiled either by the vetos of papas, or the ostracisms of the fair creatures themselves,—his harmlessness being so well known and authenticated.

The language of a kiddy is an indescribable *patois* selected from the slashed vowels and murdered consonants of his own and other languages—a sort of larded tongue. It is plenteously mixed with "de—mee," "shall I have the pleasure," "'pon my soul it's true," and the French words "*voilà*," "*début*," "*tête-à-tête*," "*à-la-mode*," &c.; and with many other "holiday and lady terms."

In all parties, and in all companies, he affects the connoisseur in music and pictures; protesting that he is a proficient in the first, on the strength of occasionally howling some notorious love rondoletto, or marine bravura, and in the last, from having learnt by

rote the names, colours, and cognizances of all artists and pictures, past, present, and to come. He also has read, or pretends to have read, all the new novels from *Waverley* downwards. Howbeit, not having a poetical soul, he votes Southey and Wordsworth dry ; does not understand Byron ; and shakes his head at Tom Moore. While, on the other hand, he venerates Shakespeare so much that he never dances a quadrille without enquiring of his rosy partner, in a tripping on the tongue sort of voice, “ Do you know *Shakespeare* ?—a fine fellow, eh, mem ? ” and then, having taken breath, continues, in the words of some old critique, which he has treasured up for the purpose, and with which he has already bored the ears of some twenty dancing damsels before,—“ In my poor opinion—hem !—I beg pardon, mem, what were we talking about ? oh, apropos ! *Shakespeare*, mem, is conseedered a work of supereminent genees, combined with high leeterary attainments ! ”

A Kiddy is in his highest glory from twenty to thirty, when his sun begins to decline in the horizon of notoriety. Being of the ephemeral tribe, he seldom lives long, but mostly terminates his gay and useless existence in a few years after he has been initiated into the mysteries of his profession. His death is generally occasioned by his being left out at a gala ball, or by seeing some other Kiddy with a hat, or dorsal garment, more scient than his own.

The varieties of kiddies are very numerous ; among the primates are the “ Clerical Kiddy,” “ The Military

Kiddy," "The Literary Kiddy," and the "Solemn Kiddy."

The "Clerical Kiddy" is, perhaps, the most savage of all the species; for he boxes, he hunts, he fleeces his creditors, and gets drunk every day and night of his life. On a Sunday, incarcerating his neck in a white durance, and daubing his face with *rouge* till his cheeks glow like the Jewish lawgiver's, when he descended from the Mount, he assumes the popular preacher, and holds forth to a fashionable audience, with one of Porteus's elegantly rhythmized sermons, which he, *sans ceremonie*, and blushless, delivers as his own. When he has finished, he walks through the midst of his hearers enjoying their plaudits, and at the church door cavalierly gives his arm to the best looking lady of his acquaintance among his fashionable flock.

In his general habits, "the Military Kiddy" is the very antipodes to the preceding one; he is the most mild, the most inoffensive, and the most gentle of all bipeds. Though "bearded like the pard," and arranged in all the pride and circumstance of gold ribbed tights, brass tipped Wellingtons, and white leather gauntlets, he is pugnacious and barbarous only in appearance. What most distinguishes the "Military Kiddy" from the rest of his species is, that he is not stationary; but, like the swallow, a bird of passage. In the genial months of summer, he may be seen with others of his vocation, congregating in the streets of London and Paris; from whence, as soon as his mustachios begin to change colour and fall off, having

shaved, which generally happens about the beginning of October, he migrates into the country for the express purpose, as it would seem, of fostering the infant *plantations* on his chin, and of coaxing the young *hairs* into the growth of life by the frequent application of an oily concrescence, 'ycleped " Bear's Grease." Thus, when he hath succeeded in giving to his "*hairy* nothings a local habitation and a name," rejoicing in his renewed gallant appearance, he wings his flight to his old haunts, Regent-street and the Parks, there romancing, until a like emergency calls him into the country again.

Spindle-shanked, tripe-visaged, mouth-puckered, self-inflated, and possessing small, mean eyes, beaming forth insufferable conceit, no animal is held in greater detestation and disgust than the " Literary Kiddy." His head, too, is so diminutive, so " Jerry Sneak " like, that it hath been a matter of dispute whether it contain any brains ; and some, indeed, have amused themselves (though it is very cruel !) in cleaving open his skull to satisfy themselves of the doubt. The investigation, I believe, has mostly been unattended with success.

The covering of this latter species of the animal is destitute of the beauty and variety of the rest of his tribe ; being mostly a seedy great coat, which is worn all the year round, a mouse-coloured castor, and white leggings. His hands gloveless, and immersed in his side pockets. Cruel and destructive, in an excessive degree, he oftentimes (unless attentively watched)

commits dreadful ravages among the modern poets; invading the library, putting the Dominie to flight and carrying off much valuable plunder to his back parlour home; where he begins his horrid orgies, by first inflating himself with a liquor 'ycleped green tea, and then slaughters, with indiscriminate barbarity, Byron, Scott, and Moore, compressing their noblest and strongest members into slender anatomies of his own, viz. "Stanzas on Dreams," "Hope," "Love;" and lines inscribed in a Lady's Album to "Anna," "Rosabella," or "Matilda."

When he has got some of this "stuff" inserted, by toddying the printer's devil (at the hazard of his being discarded by his superior Lucifer, the Editor!) he hurries off to the houses of all his acquaintance, and lauds the same "stuff" until he has created an interest in the minds of his auditors: then, he modestly avows the authorship with the injunction *not to tell*. And while, before an hour has fled to its parent *Annus*, he himself discloses it to every man, woman, and child he meets! Having thus concocted a few wretched tyrolets, he assumes the poet, affects to roll his eye "in a fine frenzy," and has his portrait cut out in black paper, for the first edition, in *twelves*, of his works; so sure is he (in his own conceit) of Don Juaning it in after years!

His soul delights that his body should stand under a ruined arch, with its arms folded as a Byron. He useth to mumble to himself in the streets, that he may appear to be under the influence of inspiration. A

close copyist of the bard of Newstead, he laments the captivity of Greece, and hints, that through his exertions she may *yet* be free ! Having read in " Moore's Notices " that Byron looked spiritualized and delicate, he immediately puts himself under a course of medicine, drinks vinegar and water, discards *rouge* from his toilet, and uses nothing but " Rowland's Kalydor." So much for the " Literary Kiddy !"

The " Solemn Kiddy " is a "*garçon*," who has tried all the preceding forms, but not gaining the due proficiency, determines to carve out an immortality for himself ; and so becomes a " Solemn Kiddy."

Not being, like the rest of his class, gregarious, he stalks alone through the streets, with " Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy " in his hand. His apathetic figure, clad in sables, forming a *tout-en-semble* not unlike " his grandfather cut in alabaster !" A smile never plays upon his lips, for he sees Matthews " at home," and reads " Don Quixote," without putting his risibility to the expense of one single cachinnation. Abominating a pun, he considers the creators of them as offenders too dangerous to be left at large among civilized society, and often seeks to confound the incorrigible punster, by mouthing the severity of Johnson, to the purport that he " who cracks puns, would not refuse to lighten pockets." A constant attendant at funerals, he follows the pall, in appearance—

" so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,"

that most of the spectators believe him to be the chief mourner, and this hallucination is carried so far, that he has been known to have the undertaker's bill sent for his inspection and settlement !

Kiddies, like other incorporated bodies, have certain laws and regulations by which their words and actions are governed, and which are as immutable and as inexorable as the olden statutes of the Medes and Persians.

A selection from their code may not be without its utility to those who are about to become candidates for the vestmental honours of *Les Modes*, and who esteem *Brummell*, of neckcloth-tying-celebrity, as the *beau ideal* of what a man ought to be. The following, therefore, are some extracts from the *Vade-mecum* of an eminent Kiddy * lately deceased, and now first given to the public.

“ BRUMMELLIANA.”

1. Let notoriety be your leading principle. When the weather is cold and snow falls be sure to don your lightest habiliments, viz., white gloves, pumps, and yellow-lined leghorn. But in the dog days, envelope yourself in a four-caped box coat, a worsted comfortable round your neck, and over-shoes :—this will not fail to bestow notoriety.

2. For variety, one day perambulate the streets

* The late George Brummell.

uncombed, unwashed, unshaved, and marvellously ill-favoured. The next, having cast off your slough, appear in your most resplendent garniture, "like a mail'd angel on a battle day!"—This is a very good idea.

3. When you are on horseback keep a sharp look out, and if you are *observed* put your steed to its metal, so to witch the world with your noble horsemanship. But if you are without speculation take it easy; for it is the *acme*, the very Mount Blanc, of folly to exert yourself when no laurels are to be gained.

4. Fishing, shooting, and hunting, avoid, if possible; for they are too robustious for the delicate constitution of a *Kiddy*, and, in fact, only calculated for majors in the army, and the cadets of aristocratic families. Yet, sometimes, you may venture out with your angle, always provided you're clad in ball-room harness.

Nota Bene.—A Kiddy of my acquaintance once obtained in the country a week's popularity by fishing. For going to a river which meandered immediately under the public promenade, he waded up to his middle, and there stood, indifferent alike to the sport and the chill, as he was conscious of being the "observed of all observers," and that his fine contour, harmonizing with the surrounding scenery, formed a beautiful *coup d'œil*, which must needs captivate the attention of the fair peripatetics on the walks above.

5. Neglect not to publish yourself at all public places,—theatres, concerts, exhibitions, &c., for much stray popularity may be gained at them, and every little adds. And, also, be sure you attend on a Sunday

every church, chapel, and meeting house ; for there you will be certain to shine.

Never shew the least outward astonishment at any thing ; for nothing is more decidedly low. If a coach is overturned, and some three or four killed, or maimed, insert a genuine Havannah in the corner of your mouth, and with a simpering nonchalance, enquire "What is the row?" When told, swing yourself round on your Wellington, and, widely gaping, exclaim, "Is that all !" This succeeds, *à merveille* with the *gens de peu*.

7. If you should see a man in imminent danger of being drowned—" *Longe fuge !*"—and by no means attempt to rescue him, although "*c'est fait de lui ;*" for the water would grievously *déranger* your admirably adjusted attire ; and, *entre nous*, it is better for the man to sink, than for you to commit a solecism on your new *alamodes* ; and *mutatis mutandis*, were you even to be in peril by water, don't, as you love your profession, try to save yourself until after having adjusted your perfumed locks, and reconnoitred your neckcloth so that it still maintains its graceful tie ; for, were you to be extricated, previously to settling these preliminaries, you would have to pass through the streets with your lawn-breasted shirt completely bereft of its plaits. Indeed, on mature consideration, it is more creditable to die thus, *à la Spartan*, than to be seen in such an *unkiddy*-like predicament !

8. Never permit the *doux yeux*, or tender glances, of any damsel to transport you too far—but always

remember that a kiddy is not a marrying man—*therefore love wisely, and not too well!*

9. Among strangers, you should sport in appearance the perfect rake, so that they may say you are a devil of a fellow, and abound in “*dulcibus vitiis*.” It may be brought about in this wise:—“The other evening dined with my friend, *Sar Freeze* Waspwaist—a hospitable *fellar*, *Freeze*. The company consisted of —, and some *animals* in *gaiters*, whom did not know, *'pon honour!* After *dinnar*, *Sar Freeze* said to me, Slender, my dear *fellar*, a pipe of *Lacryma Christi*, to a pipe of *vin du pays*, you and I will floor the rest of the company. The challenge was accepted, and in two hours, may I be *cust'd* with a bottle of adulterated Macassar! if all the men were not *hors de combat*, and extended *en masse*, like my grandfather's *tête*, he! he! he! while *Sar Freeze* and and your humble *sarvant*, *demmee!* were as fresh as a pot of *De la Croix's* Almond Paste!” And your gallantry may be established thus:—take out your perfumer's unpaid bill, kiss it, and exclaim, in a Romeo-like intonation voice, “Ah! *la perdue Isabelle!* I loved you once!” and then, as if you had been taken *à l'improviste*, scramble the letter into your pocket, and rush out of the room, with “*Geenteelmen*, you'll excuse me, I — &c. * * * * *

11. Be very particular in your *mots d'usage*, or oaths, for nothing exhibits the perfect Kiddy to more advantage than a tasteful choice of maledictions. The most approved and unique method of swearing is to impre-

cate by some fashionable article of the toilet ; but if your genius is sufficiently refulgent to invent novel ones, *tant mieux*, use them by all means. Nevertheless, you may occasionnally patronize the d—mns, provided you use them “ few and far between,” as they have certainly *had* their share of popularity. * * *

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Lastly, let the *Garçon*, who is about to set up as Kiddy on his own account, take the advice of one who (vanity apart) was no mean *Kiddy* in his day ! Instead of using the “ æs triplex ” of Horatius Flaccus for his breast, let him transfer it to his face, as a *Kiddy* should not be bashful, for if he is ;—

“ Farewell the *boutique*, and farewell the *bal* !
Farewell the *pavé* ; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *ton*,
Farewell !—The *Kiddy*’s occupation’s gone.”

ON NATURAL DEFORMITY.

“ Deformity is daring,
In its essence, to o’ertake mankind !”
BYRON’S “ *Deformed Transformed.*”

Nature seems to have forgotten love and affection, those beautiful attributes of a mother, in her capricious dislike to some of her offspring, and in her superabundant kindness to others ; for on some she seals the impress of loveliness and beauty,—framing their limbs elastic, strong, yet graceful, like some tall pine of Norway, which undulates to the breeze, and witches the blast with its elegant obeisance ; while on others she stamps ugliness, shrinking their members to half their rightful proportions, and placing in their countenances the ape deformity, that it may seem to grimace their bodies.

Having thus created, according to the wild melody of our greatest poet, beings—

“ Deform’d, unfinish’d, sent before their time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely, and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at them,”*—

* Richard III.

any reasonable person would conclude, that she would here halt. But it is not so:—she carries her rancour still further—and excites her beautiful pieces of clay, (who, by token, want very little excitement, being fully competent even to improve upon her lesson) to worry, satirize, and finally drive mad, these unfortunate and unoffending objects of her dislike.

In vain the victims, writhing with torture, tell their heartless persecutors that they “cannot help it,” they “were born so!”—in vain, gurgles down their cheeks the scalding tear—in vain, is their man-of-Uz-like endurance of the scoff. Their tormentors cease not—but still exercise their cruel trade, which may not unaptly be termed that of assassins of the heart! And even, should these denounced beings possess, secreted in the ungainly casket of their bodies, some fair, costly jewel, viz. a heart, good, benevolent, and pure, like a mountain streamlet which dances with impetuosity over the gravel soil—and a mind, which finds in every little pebble stone, that others tread thoughtlessly under foot, a pleasing moral, and in every modest field flower alternate sweet and bitter thoughts,—it abates not their persecutions! For, the plurality that inhabit this world of ours, Pharisee-like, only appreciate the exterior of the salver,—“What’s Hecuba” to them? They consider genius, learning, and taste, only as the visionary houris of a diseased and sickly fancy.

Did those who are surrounded with pleasures, too

piquantly exquisite to last, and who derive divertisement from the natural misfortunes of others,—did they know the bitter sensations of degradation they excite by their ill-judged raillery, they would refrain :—for the credit of poor humanity, at least, let us hope they would. For callous and brutal indeed must that one be who would, when he was certified of the isolated and unhappy life of these exclusive beings, add one drop of gall to their chalice, already overflowing. And in proof that it is so, let the gay and thoughtless review the life of a deformed man, particularly those passages, which in the existence of others are so bright and joyous,—and they will find it an aching chasm. The following may serve to exemplify some of the miseries these lepers of society endure.

Look at a deformed man in the public streets ! with what painful calculation he selects the side less frequented, and walks an alien in his natal place, with his head compressed on his bosom, like a spring flower whose stem has been by some mischievous schoolboy prematurely severed ! He no sooner appears, than looks of intelligence are exchanged across the street, which are quickly succeeded by the directed point of the finger, the annoying steadfast stare, the broad grin of insult, and the rude exclamation of derision ; while some jostle and elbow him with evident tokens of incivility ; others appear to whisper words of contempt with a haughty and careless indifference, whether he hears them or not. In addition to these veritable insults, being an approved “ Heautonti-

morumenos,"* he fancies others. So every smile that plays, like a sunbeam, on the lips of beauty he thinks is caused by his disparity ; every window that he passes forces the tear to conglomerate in his eye, for it reminds him of his misfortune ! Trembling, lest he should provoke insult, he recedes out of his path to the lowest of the " *profanum vulgus*," and when he sees some urchins advancing, who formerly insulted him, ashy pale, he turns back from where he was going, and hurries, in extreme wretchedness, to his lonely home !

Behold one in a party, or public place of resort,—those temples which are constituted to bestow felicity !—He enters the room like one who follows to the deep pit-hole his only son—his " beautiful and brave !"—the last of his name and race. He bows not, he smiles not ; his first impulse being to reconnoitre for a chair ; cheating his poor heart by believing that his deformities are less obvious in a sedentary position. Then, when seated, fearful of beholding disgust or laughing mockery, in the eyes of the company, occasioned by his *un-exquisite début*, he rivets his organs on the floor, and so makes many enemies by not bestowing the customary and fashionable number of " words, becks, and wreathed smiles." The seat that he first occupied, he stirs not from the whole evening, but there sits, as much alone, as if in some manless solitude ; wrapped up in an apathetic reverie, apparently unconscious of the gay, laugh-

* " *Heautontimorumenos*," or " the Self Tormentor," the name of one of Terence's plays.

ing faces that flirt around him. Haunted by the horrid spectre, a sense of his deformity, he heeds not the song of the Syren, let her discourse ever such eloquent euphony—he applauds not when she has finished, though his, perhaps, was the only soul that legitimately felt her silver strains. He joins not the fantastic quadrille, nor does he bestow the tribute of admiration on those who swim down the varied maze in graceful undulation, like

“ The dancing spray,
When from its stem the small birds wing away.”*

When he departs, he retrogrades like a crab, sedulously guarding with his flame-like eyes his body from ridicule. On his passage to the door, he takes leave of nobody; no one bids him stay; but he exits, moaning and melancholy, like the fabled spirit of the storm before one of Nature’s convulsions!

Behold one at home; the *sanctum* where man, if worried and insulted outside, generally finds solace and quietude: but it is not so with the deformed. He has no kindred ear into which to pour his wrongs and sufferings;—no soft bosom to pillow his head when sick;—no kind smile to illumine his steril track;—and no small hand to take the weapon of death from his grasp, when sickened with an existence made intolerable by the world’s neglect, he meditates to end at the same time his life and degradation. For what woman would

* Lalla Rookh.

extend her complaisance so far as to become the wife of one so lost and wretched? So, in consequence, he has no "parvus Astyanax" to play in his hall, or "climb his knee, the envied kiss to share." But he is a being different and alone in the world; seeking rest and finding none; left at the mercy of interested domestics, who, well knowing his acute perception of disrespect, for amusement, make grimaces behind his chair; while, to complete his unhappiness, myriads of squalling brats, not having the fear of coercion before their eyes, shout under his window the offensive term "my Lord," and sketch with chalk his similitude (by no means in little) on his very door!

Finally, take the last scene of one of these spitefully used beings, to whom "the world is not a friend, nor the world's law." Lo! through the scant casement of that lonely cot, which is seated on a barren furzed heath, protected from the blast by no umbrageous shelter, glimmers one sickly light.—Enter there, ye children of Mockery! the soul of one is about to avolute to those empyrean seats of bliss, where the sneer and point shall never vex him more. Not for him was the pouting lip of loveliness, or the lively maze,—the festive board,—the champing steed,—the trumpet with a silver sound,—the pride, pomp, and circumstance, that gilds existence;—his life was one page of bankruptcy, and his death—But, soft! see how nervously conscious of ridicule he is to the very last. He employs no doctor, through the dread of exposing his deformities, and admits no minister to whisper peace to his mangled

soul, as he thinks it will be of no avail—that the King of the blue sky above will not receive such a vile thing as him among his bright ethereal courtiers ! * *

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Now a livid shade has passed over his countenance—there is a change, and he begins to suspirate with more difficulty. Oh ! how he longs to shake off this mortal coil, and quit a world which has used him most cruelly, and worse than it does its very dogs ! But, poor creature ! he cannot die, for there is a cat in the chamber, and he is afraid the dumb animal will witness his deformity, made more hideous by the agonies of Death. He essays his exhausted vigour to hurl the pillow at his feline observer, but the linen missile falls unflung from his nervous grasp. Ah ! he hath thought of an expedient to exclude the cat from beholding his disembodyment ;—see ! he pushes the end of the sheet with his foot towards the taper, but it does not reach it,—another violent effort of the body, and the linen ignites. A hectic of satisfaction flits across his shadowy visage as he dimly beholds that the flames, which flicker in spiral columns to the ceiling, are sufficient to screen him. And hark ! that horrid laugh, *ha ! ha ! ha !* it makes the flesh creep :—*puss* cannot see him now.—The gaping world will behold nothing more of him but a *tumulus* of black dust. He now dies in peace ! yet his once persecuted spirit must hover, like a kite on poised pinions, till its tall tenement is all consumed, before it wings its flight to the realms of beatitude !

ON THE DECLINE OF HEART BREAKING IN ENGLAND,

WITH A HINT FOR ITS RESUSCITATION.

In these days of universal enlightenment, when every department of art is making rapid strides towards the goal of amelioration, it is melancholy to consider that the most beautiful and sentimental of sciences, id est—"of Heart Breaking," instead of progressing, as might have been expected, from the well known sensitiveness of the female disposition, is virtually on the retrograde and decline. Indeed, so rarely does a scientific instance of this occur in these degenerate days, that the only symptom to point out its existence on this sublunary sphere, is, when the heart of some romantic *grisette*, while reading the "Sorrows of Werter" in the attic,

indignant breaks,
To shew that still it lives.

To cause a reaction in the tastes of our fair countrywomen, many a modern author has quoted Shakes-

peare's "She never told her love," &c. in defence of this neglected system; and many a Washington Irving has melodized his "Broken Heart" in exemplification of its beauties. But, alas! their laudable endeavours have hitherto been uncrowned with success. For the "Infelix Dido" of this age, when forsaken by her gallant gay admirer, instead of retiring, willow in hand, as of yore, to some unfrequented spot in forest, or by stream to weep away her plumpness, "small by degrees, and beautifully less," now has recourse to the unsentimental expedient of flying, *heart whole*, into the arms of Death, *via* laudanum—cord—or the Serpentine river; or, more unsentimental still, she lives on, and makes herself vulgarly happy. O *Tempora*! O Ladies!!

To counteract these prevailing abuses, and to induce young ladies to arrive at a consummation more devoutly to be wished for, various have been the theories started by philosophers and others; but which, when called into requisition practically, have, as experience has verified, each and all, on account of their deleterious principles, been discontinued in disgust by the unhappy sufferer.

Thus, by the awkward bungling and wretched treatment of the subject, many a feeling example, replete with *intense interest* and *vivid portraiture*,—calculated, in the hands of the poet, or novelist,

"To point a moral, and adorn a tale,"—

has been lost for ever to the circulating libraries, and the world! all because the web of the mind of those

who audaciously undertook the subject, was not spun fine enough to encompass a science requiring the most delicate and fastidious handling. In a word, putting these failures out of the question (for they can be called nothing else), there never has yet been discovered a tangible cause calculated to produce the desired effect.

To remedy, in some measure, this defect, so glaringly conspicuous in our domestic code, and the existence of which has been from time to time observed and reprehended by foreigners, (for it is a well known fact, that though we possess a hundred different methods of breaking heads, bones, banks, houses, venison, horses, &c., we have not one of sufficient note for breaking hearts), the author, his bosom heaving with pity and patriotism for the ladies and his country, has, at the expenditure of much valuable time and study, at last succeeded in discovering a succedaneum, whose simplicity and cheapness, (for hitherto heart-breakage has been the exclusive privilege of the higher ranks, the respectable young woman of a lower class being deprived of this desirable advantage), may put it in the power of all her Majesty's female lieges to enjoy this formerly exclusive advantage.

Here the "Auctor" wishes it to be understood that it was his original intention to have deferred the publication of his valuable recipe until some future period, when a renovation in the tastes of the age from breaking heads to hearts, might have enabled the public more fully to appreciate its merits than they are likely

to do at present, from which intention, however, at the pressing instances of many young ladies, whose communications on the subject have been duly received, he has been induced to swerve. Indeed, so numerous have lately been these communications, "begging him to impart the fruits of his experience to the world," that he has been obliged to employ two men daily to shovel away the *billets* like snow from his back premises, where, for the better preservation of his person from a second edition in Bath and foolscap of the death of Pliny, they were deposited: for at one time, such was their alarming increscence, that the scullery-maid was actually prevented from pursuing her usual avocations, tending to the enfranchisement of grease in the wash-house!

Previous to this incomparable discovery now being made public, its efficacy to promote the desired effect has been sufficiently essayed, as it has been employed in private practice, in upwards of one hundred cases, some of them the most hard and inveterate, and in no instance, (save one, and that one a jolly compound of fat, forty, and cherry bounce) has it been known to fail, or produce those unpleasant symptoms, so often experienced by young ladies, who, relying on the protestations of their respective (not respectable) adorers, neglect to consult a regular proficient. And so simple, yet speedy, is its process, that any lady—even the most delicate—may take it without the least hesitation or alarm, as it generally performs what is required of it, in two or three days at furthest.

In addition to its many advantages, peculiar to it alone, all young ladies, taking this prescription, will receive, gratis, after their decease, to be delivered to their executors, an epitaph, or monody, guaranteed not to fall short of one hundred lines; to be written in six and eight, and to contain the customary compliment of the substantives—blight, canker, bankruptcy; and the adjectives—early, premature, ill starred, &c., &c., together with other fanciful allusions, most musical, most melancholy.

A RECIPE FOR BREAKING HEARTS.

[Concocted expressly for the ladies; shewing how to rupture, on an entire novel principle, simply and scientifically, that most noble part of the human frame, without the slightest pain or inconvenience to the owner: and equally performing its functions on the hardest, as well as the softest hearts. Prepared, after the original prescription, and under the immediate directions of the celebrated Dr. ———, who has made the *Cordial parts* particularly his study.]

Having made up your mind to perpetrate *Heart-ruptcy*, after mature consideration of the consequences thereunto pertaining—viz. the entire annihilation of the vital principle, and the total drying up of the gastric fluids,—the first thing to be done is to commence a *run* upon your sympathies, so as to get yourself in a melancholy trim, preparatory to undergoing the course prescribed by the recipe. Now nothing is so likely to produce this effect in woman as drawing drafts on her

sexual vanity ; to obtain this end, the ways and means are various ; such as, for instance, (when fashion fulminates the contrary) wearing the petticoats long and trailing, to conceal the ankles—sporting a shocking bad bonnet, calculated to disfigure the profile—staining the hands by squeezing black currants for jelly, and then cauterising them with quick lime, &c., &c.

But these, although recommended by some practitioners, as they tend to make the bosom callous, are highly pernicious, and should not be resorted to, except in cases of extreme hardness, lest by their astringent qualities they render altogether ineffectual the means afterwards pursued to expedite the *Breakage*.

There is one, however, which is not liable to this objection, it is to offer, like the Grecian women of old, your hair at the tomb of your vanity, or, in other words, to dock, or cut off with a tailor's shears, standing ten inches in the sheath, those locks, which St. Paul declares to be a glory to your sex ; and when your head is like a Welsh field in stubble time, view yourself in your glass, and if that does not cause a determination of sadness to your breast bone, as indubitably it will, to assist its operating, half-a-dozen female friends, by way of stimulatives, may be called in requisition, who, by timely making you amenable to the *game laws*, will not fail to promote the end you have in view. Before we proceed any further in these affairs of the Heart, it will not be amiss to caution the patient, that the creating an artificial sadness, as a preparatory step, will not be necessary for any but the scientific amateur.

For the young lady who has sung to the tune of "Jessy on a bank was sleeping," with an innamorato, whose affection for her partook of any thing but of the nature of the "Loves of the Angels," and who has since forsaken her, will not require any provocative to sorrow, as, besides her situation, the daily hearing of the street organ warbling the tune he used to sing her, together with the sight of the

" —— rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,"

with which he stole the impression of her fancy, will be of themselves sufficient without the foreign aid of assistance.

Indeed some have opined that even in the case of amateurs, sorrow is superfluous as a probationary measure, and would fly at once to the recipe without any antecedent precaution. While a few empirics, who have lately sprung up, go even further, and deny the utility of grief in diseases of the heart altogether, and stand up for that species of *breakage* when the heart bursts smilingly; grounding their tenets on the opinions of two modern writers on the subject, who tell you that

" The cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the *cold heart* to ruin runs darkly the while."

And that thought—

" Pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The *Heart*—the *Heart* is lonely still !"

But they forget that there is a villainous inconstancy about a female ; that should her outward appearance be gay, her heart, although really inclined to fusibility, would soon borrow its complexion. But onwards :— when two or three days ruminating on the loss of your hair hath created a load on your bosom, equivalent to a day-mare, and when your spirits have sunk to that state, technically called low, you may safely begin to use the directions here set down for you ; the first of which, is to choose a day for the experiment, and, as their subsequent success greatly depends upon this, care should be taken to pick out one of those gaudy sunny days when beaux and butterflies in their respective pontificalibuses are romancing up and down under your window, and when all nature glitters like the gilt robe of a gingerbread potentate, in an emporium of pastry. It would also add much to the happy termination of the affair, if some goldfinches and larks could be attracted to your casement, as what says Burns,—

“ Thou’l break my *heart*, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough.”

And as a few crumbs, duly scattered, may procure them, no one need be deprived of this advantage ; and in addition to all this, should the races, or ‘ assizes,’ fall upon the day of your choice, it will be doubly auspicious, as the sense of being debarred of sharing in these attractions, operating together with other causes, will force the hypochondriac humour to flow faster than the

heart can bear, always supposing *that heart* to be of any reasonable softness, and, if allowed to have fair play, may promote a fissure in that organ ; indeed, the most speedy conclusion may be prognosticated from its uncontrolled agency, instances having occurred when this one ingredient of itself has been adequate, without putting the patient to the trouble of proceeding further in his application of other nostrums ; but these, of course, are rare, as hearts differ materially in different subjects.

Here, it will be necessary to observe, that while under a course of *cordials*, all excitement, such as reading, playing, drawing, &c. should be sedulously avoided ; indeed, the interval between breakfast and dinner must be passed strictly sabbatically, the only relaxation that can be allowed with safety, is, to gnaw your nails, and bite your lips, which may be varied at discretion, by administering to yourself from time to time small doses of the decoction of tantalization, that is, having all the most piquant novels and newest songs in your *boudoir*, without daring to open, or play one of them.

But now to get into “ *medias res* : ” — When dinner is announced, draw your chair a pretty lady-like distance from the table, or centre of *gravity*, to the fire, which ought, *par conséquence*, to be made up for the occasion ; — the mean warmth, two degrees above blood heat. Having placed your feet on the fender, and so attitudised yourself as to be enabled to inspect every particular mouthful that passes down the œsophagus of the feeders, the observance of this, should the parties in question munch with *gout*, will materially

assist in bringing about the climax. Though, *observe*, little reliance can be placed upon it, unless the viands are of a strong, unctious savour, and calculated to tickle the gums. The dishes most in request for this purpose, and approved of by the faculty, are roast beef—goose—and plum-pudding.

As this is the most critical part of the process ;—all depending upon the patient's abstinence :—beware !—touch not—taste not—handle not—but let him who plays the part of “ Dr. Pedro, Positive, De Bodewell, native of a place called Snatchaway,”* remove the cates, guiltless of your fork. For there is an astringent quality about meat, which binds the heart to existence ; —in a word, it is the bones of the prophet, which maketh to live ! Take heed, therefore, lest any officious hand offers you a condiment ; for if you receive it,—be it the veriest morsel—as in the case of Proserpine of old,—the charm is broken—the book is buried.

When you have imbibed a *quantum suff.* of the corrosive sublimate of the clatter of knives and forks, “ you may,” the recipe proceeds to say, “ stare at the fire,” after the method a good catholic may be supposed to regard his peck of purgatorial coals previous to their being heaped upon him. This speculation may *not* in *safety* be continued after your eyes begin to explode from their sockets, like the optics of those most abused of God's people, herrings, while undergoing the discipline of the frying-pan.

* Vide Don Quixote.

The next step in reversion, is, 'the sigh,' which ought to be two hundred lover power. It may be performed in this wise—dilate the muscle of your chest for the space of one calender minute, so as to enable the suspiratory organs to give volume to the "*heigho!*" This done, open your mouth, (if *you have* one) at the right angles, and keeping it on a half cock, or equinox, deliberately discharge your sigh,—which ought to be, if a good one, long and deep, such as with which the first Lord of the Treasury apostrophises the loaves and fishes prior to his going out of office—

" Must I then leave thee, Paradise?"

Note: should the patient be incapacitated from natural causes, to generate a connected "*Heigho!*"—she may join many small ones together, by keeping up a sort of breathing hyphen. But onwards:—having brought your sigh to bear, it should incontinently be followed up by a discharge of crying—gradually beginning from the passive whine, to the active tear, and so on, to the downright bellow, when the tears are sharp, acrid, and salty, capable of pickling any neat's tongue in Humandom.

Should it so happen that you find a difficulty in the brewage of your tears, and that they do not come kind, you must follow the manner of heirs and husbands, and other fortunate dogs, who, out of common decency, are obliged to look sad—i. e. have recourse to an onion, which will not fail ("*deo favente*") to dislodge the

secretion. Always minding when they do flow, not to pick them up, but let your pearls, like those of the great Duke of Buckingham, fall unmolested about you. Nothing now of any consequence remains to be said; except, that in conclusion, we would suggest you do, by all means, go to bed and sleep on your weeping.

Some authors are of opinion, and Shakespeare among the number, "that unkindness may do much!"—and if your friends could throw in a *manipulus*, or handful of this ingredient:—such, for instance, as sticking some dozen of Whitechapel needles in your sheets;—or saturating them with spring water;—or better still, if they could contrive to turn you out of doors some frosty night to sleep, with only the sky for a counterpane:—these are but trifles,—but it is astonishing how much may be effected by them.

Of course this recipe is to be repeated on each of the "glorious three days," the space generally allowed for the *breakage*, (except when ordered to the contrary). At the end of which, symptoms of the "Facies Hippocratica" will make their appearance: viz.—the nostrils will become sharp—the eyes hollow—the temples low—the lips of the ears contracted—the forehead dry and wrinkled—and the whole complexion dry and livid. In a word, "you will be past praying for."

Post scriptum:—To guard against counterfeits. The ladies are particularly requested to observe, that there are many *unprincipled* young men, who make it their business to plume on their simplicity spurious imitations of this invaluable recipe, which are in reality

only *deleterious* compositions of their own. To avoid any further attempts of this nature, which are alike injurious to the fair purchaser and the present proprietor, who has made this branch of science particularly his own, having devoted a long life to its attainment,—be it known, none can be genuine except they have the signature *——*, and the place of his abode *——*, attached to them. N.B: Testimonials of the first beauty and loveliness can be shewn in favour of the recipe's utility by the proprietor. Lovers and husbands supplied through the medium of their country agents.

BLIGHT OF EARLY HOPES!

“ One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting !”

T. MOORE.

When we see one, who, from being a virtuous man, all at once hurls himself down the giddy cataract of dissipation ; on whose lip, alike regardless of his fame and the crowing of the moral bird within him, the wild laugh is ever loudest ;—there is sure to be *something wrong*—but what is it ?

When, too, we see hourly carried by us to darkness and the worm the fallen blossoms of youth and loveliness, who expired, to use the cant of the newspapers, without a groan ;—a casual indisposition—a slight cold—may be assigned by the attendant Leech as the cause of their departure : but the real cause ? — can you explain it ?—can philosophers ?—Is their sudden disappearance natural think you ? seeing that the oak dieth not while yet a sapling, but endureth for a century, unless scathed by the thunder-stone !

And what makes the jest drown the harsh clank of the chains on the scaffold?—The soldier mount the cannon'd breech and calmly take up the bursting shell and throw it from him?—The ruined female accompany her march of infamy with the loud music of riot?—And why is the rosy cheek "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought?" and the modest behaviour laid aside to put "an antic disposition on?"—And why, too, do the lonely places re-echo to the report of the suicidal tube—and the midnight waters moan and shriek as they receive the plunge of agony?—And whence comes it of old that the feudal baron doffed his cloth of blue and gold for the cockle hat and staff?—And the daughter of a noble house forsook rank and splendour to chant "faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon?" History also tells us of an undaunted Mutius thrusting his hand until consumed in the lurid pyre—of a self-sacrificed Curtius leaping into the forensic chasm—of a devoted Decius rushing on the spears of the enemy—and of a disinterested Regulus refusing to enter his native city. Why did they so? The foolish Chroniclers of the time, full of the "*dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*," will tell you it was patriotism:—think you it was so? Had not the withering of a favourite flower—the seeing the "soul's joy" become "another's bride!" something to do with it—in a word, was it not Blight of Early Hopes?

Blight of Early Hopes! To think that those four words take away the happiness of a whole life! Alas! that their effect should be so;—that it is so, is too cer-

tain ! To the worlding, these blasts of soul may appear a small matter—even unworthy consideration. “Time and change,” he will tell you, “and the heart will again put forth its green leaf.” Were this said of our flowers, he might be right ; for though they may sink beneath the canker worm, it is only for a season : wait awhile, and they will bloom again, as each succeeding spring verifies. But with man, it is quite different :—he has but one spring in which to sow his hopes—if that prove untoward, what is his history ?—a blank ! For then he has no home—no country—no green place in memory’s clime—none in hope’s—for the pleasures of neither are his. But the world is a desert, and in that desert he wanders like a moaning spectre, without star or compass, reckless of what may happen, to sigh over the bowl of happiness which lies stringless at his life’s fountain ! To tempt him from his lonely dwelling place, many have been the means resorted to by the charmer :—the vivifying change of travel ;—the trumpet call of ambition ;—the rosy Hircas of pleasure. But he heeds them not. For

“ Where should Othello go ? ”

And what are Ambition’s boasted triumphs to him ? What Pleasure’s maddening draught ? He cannot pay the demands society has upon him even, much less those which it may require ; for his is an insolvency—a total breaking up of the heart. But should he rally, and in the endeavour to cheat his sorrows, listen to the

overtures of the wily flatterer ;—what is the consequence ? He runs across the blue waters and gazes upon the buildings, the beauties, the varieties of distant lands, and mixes in their societies, their pleasures, and their streets. But it is only to feel that, though he has changed his climate, his heart is the same withered thing it ever was !

Again he essays and worships fame, and the orders of many nations shine in brilliant mockery on his breast ;—and men speak loudly of his triumphs—his power—his wealth—and mayhap his beautiful wife and interesting children—and some may even envy him his equipage—his mansion—his sumptuous festivities. But can these give him back his early freshness ? Can they make him happy ?—No ; something whispers, they came too late ! He never can be the man he once was !

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The Actress.

Engraved by Joseph Thomas, 1, Finch Lane, April 2, 1828.

THE ACTRESS.

"She is a creature out of place—a fine, abused, glittering, wretched being—a thing produced like the fish at the Roman banquets, to delight the unfeeling guest with its brilliancy and its agonies!"

"Woman; or pour et contre."

"What, not seen Miss —— * * *!" exclaimed the gay and volatile Mrs. Du Fresnoy, throwing as much amazement into her pretty countenance as its prettiness could reasonably bear. This was addressed to the handsome and eccentric Louis Willoughby, who had just before given a particular negative to a similar enquiry:—"No, I've not, indeed!" replied he, meekly.—"Well! that is surprising!"—"But you intend to go?—every one's going, you know."—"No, I don't, really;" said Willoughby, drily.—"No!"—And the little lady regarded him with a mingled look of horror and admiration;—of horror, at his want of taste—of admiration, that he should, singly, stand forth, and dare to be different from every one else.—"But, perhaps," said she, after a pause, "perhaps, you are a methodist?"—"No, I have not that honour," returned he.

smiling. "Then, will Monsieur of the rueful countenance disclose his sage reasons for not going to see '*La Belle Actrice ?*'"—"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure."—"Come, begin: 'discuss unto me,' as Ancient Pistol says."—"I have two."—"Which be they?" continued she, with an air of mock gravity.—"In the first place—my exchequer."—And the handsome youth pointed to the pockets of a very *distingué* vest, which he wore, with a ludicrous assumption of indigence. "Ha! ha! you are a droll creature."—"And, secondly, I never eat *barbacued pig*, or *crimpt salmon!*"*—"In the name of all that is ridiculous! what has *barbacued pig* and *crimpt salmon*, to do with seeing Miss — * * * ?"—"*Pardonnez moi*;—every thing.—But you shall hear:—in a word, I never *did* and never *will* partake of a dish which owes its piquancy to the protracted sufferings of the animal forming its contents;—neither will I lend myself to swell the number of those who derive amusement from the reckless seeming of one, whose brilliancy is but the writhing agony of the

* "*Barbacued pig*, &c."—It has long been fashionable to entertain some amiable abhorrence, and to intrude that abhorrence as often as possible in company; and so essential is this thought to a man's character, that many of our great heroes and authors have these dislikes gratuitously attributed to them by their biographers.—Thus, we are told, one man cannot bear a cat;—a second faints at the sight of a mouse;—a third sees hydrophobia and feather beds in a dog;—while a fourth has a delicate horror of children! But it remained for Louis Willoughby to nourish an *un-penchant* for pigs, salmon, and pretty actresses. How many will agree with him in his taste, particularly as touching the latter, I leave to the discretion of my readers.

mullet, as it expires in the hands of the guest!"—" Bravo!—so you really compare the all-fascinating Miss —— * * *,—the envy of our sex—and the admiration of yours;—whose smallest word is law;—and whose slightest action, fashion—even to the shaking of her curls;—whose witcheries, many a rosy finger at this present moment is busily employed in the mysteries of the toilet—emulous, but hopeless to imitate!—to what?—to a poor, unintellectual mullet!—At the same time insinuating, that she, while shrined by the applause of a whole theatre, endures as great a mental pang, as the aforesaid mullet does a bodily one, while descending the æsophagus of some modern Heliogabalus!"—" Well, you'll excuse me, but my good friend, I begin to 'suspect your ears!' ha! ha! ha!"—" Your ladyship's very obliging," replied Willoughby, with an air of ill concealed pique. For no man, especially a young one, likes to be called an ass, though that designation should emanate from rosy lips; and taking up his cane, he rose to depart.

" Stay, Willoughby, you foolish creature, you're not going?" cried Mrs. Du Fresnoy, placing her lily finger, dight with jewels, on his arm. He dissented with a nod. " Ha! I see how it is, you're offended!—Well, I suppose I ought to apologize:—here Dante," and she pushed her canine favourite forward: "go and beg pardon for me of Mr. Willoughby.—There now, that's done:—and as I cannot excite your taste, I must try your sympathy:—The thing is this—my aunt and cousins have asked me to *chaperon* them to the theatre:

—I could not well refuse; and you know what a bore it will be to me; particularly, as you know my aunt is not very choice in her '*mots d'usage*.'—Now, I wanted you—you cruel creature—to join our party, to prevent me from being altogether annihilated by the uncouth *patois* of my aunt and country cousins.—But you'll go?"—and the fair applicant put herself in an attitude of entreaty. "I am very sorry, but—" "But, stuff, nonsense!"—Still the youth was inexorable, and the lady (their usual way) pulled to pieces a fine mossy rose, in the prettiest pique imaginable.

This conversation, to which I was an auditor, raised my curiosity, and though not much of what the world is pleased to call a 'play-goer,' (nevertheless, I had seen the glowworms of the day—the Siddons—the O'Neil—the Kean, &c.) I, that evening in question, perpetrated a visit to the temple of Thespis, and paid my three shillings and six-penny significant, the usual charge for a box of opium in the country theatre of ———. And here let me, *en passant*, advise all those who are in the habit of conjugating the verb to snore—in other words, of taking a siesta after dinner, *not* to do so on the afternoon they intend visiting a country theatre: as two naps of one evening are *too* much for the human frame, and highly prejudicial to any constitution, except that of a top, or the sleeping affair mentioned in the "book of wonders," (*liber mirabilis*!) who dozed—I quote from memory;—from the twenty-third of one month, to the twenty-something of another inclusive; and even then, on waking, "cry'd

to dream again," and like Jack Cade, wished to "set a new *nap*" upon himself.

Owing to business, it was late, almost half-price time, when I entered the theatre; and as I turned, or rather endeavoured to turn into the "boxes," (for I could not, on account of the pressure from within, insinuate more than my head and shoulders, and one of my legs, and that obtained a footing in some one's hat!) the "drop scene" had that moment fallen, and the queen attraction of the night, Miss —***, had just retired; the fourth act being over.—While to ease themselves, and to catch the small modicum of air which an opening door, now and then, dealt out, all the audience had risen, plying their "play-bills" and pocket handkerchiefs, and from time to time giving vent to their admiration in such language as the following:—"What vivacity!"—"quite a treat!"—"equal to *Vestris*!"—or as Pope says—

" Each maid cry'd charming!—each youth divine!"

But to return to myself:—I had not long been in my half-in and half-out position, before my endeavours to evade the "liberty of the *press*," were recognised by the Du Fresnoy party; particularly by Mrs. —, the aunt, of whom honourable mention has before been made; and who, either for my own sins, or those of my forefathers, called the whole attention of the "house" to me, by bawling out—"Here we are, Mr. —, girls and all, frying like mutton chops on a gridiron!"

There was no standing this;—even a ‘citizen king, or a popular candidate, would have shrunk from such notoriety :—so I backed out, (as they say in duels, when a man will not come to the ‘scratch,’) much to the delight of a cadaverous looking beau, in my rear, who had long been desiring my place; and bent my steps towards the “pit,”—which, by the bye, is far the most easy and convenient sitting in a modern theatre. For more decorous than the “gods,” and not so callous as the “boxes,” the inhabitants of the arena, or “pit,” may be said to form the heart of the house; as ’tis from them, the pure and unsophisticated exhibitions of feeling ever have their rise. The above, and many other advantages, have made this part, for those who come to be *amused*, and not to *amuse*—to see, and not to be seen,—the pleasantest locality of the whole establishment. To be sure, it has its drawbacks—and what has not? For instance, the “throwing him over” ejection of a drunken sailor, &c. on one’s brutus, is not very agreeable;—nor the showers of orange peel, &c. &c. very pleasant. But then, the first ‘moving accident’ may not happen the night you are present; and as for the other *fruition*—coming as it does from the gods—the best thing a wise man can do is to bear it with patience and resignation.

Here some persons may suppose, that I made this reflection in my passage from the “boxes” to the “pit.”—Now I beg leave to assure those persons, if such persons there be, that I made no reflection at *all*, in that aforesaid passage of mine; on the contrary,

my whole attention was engaged in counting the steps in the said passage, lest I should miss one in my descent, and by so doing, break my head, and satisfy the world concerning its contents; of which, some have *very unhandsomely* presumed to doubt. But, *n'importe*,—I entered the “pit,” and quietly substantiated a settlement between a “reporter” who had been admitted *gratis*, that he might gather “material” for the very flattering notice of “the players” which was to appear in the next “——— Journal,”—and a *modiste*, who had also been admitted *gratis*, by paying certain two shillings, to a very suspicious looking functionary, yclept the “check taker;” and she, like the tyro of the types, had not come without her object:—having been deputed by her mistress, a milliner, to catch a few hints of “flounce and furbelow,” from the dress of the lady, who was advertised as a denizen of the “Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.”

From these, however, my attention was soon called, by a group of citizens, in earnest discussion before me:—“What a splendid dress!” said he, whom by certain “sarcenet sureties,” I knew to be Mr. Tapestring, the draper:—“figured satin, ell-wide!” and he made a motion with his arms as if to measure. So true is it, that man, whether statesman or draper hero or pickpocket, cannot altogether ‘sink the shop, let circumstances demand it as they may:—’Tis his “vocation, Hal,” and it is “no sin for a man to labour in his vocation!” “And then, her beautiful lace veil! with silver sprigs;” cried Mrs. Tapestring, his wife,

pushing in her oar: "Oh, my! I wonder will it wash?" "I don't know," replied he of the counter, rather puzzled,—“but I wish I could feel the substance of *that there* satin—it may be a twill.”—“Her dress was beautiful I’ll allow—very!” now, insinuated the Town Heriot,* who had been for the last half hour twirling about a paste, which he wore on his finger, and which a customer had left that morning with him to be repaired—“But did you observe the jewels she wore?—diamonds of the first water!—or may I never set a stone again.” “Were they indeed!” exclaimed all his hearers.—“That they were;” replied the goldsmith, turning away to twirl his paste elsewhere, fully satisfied with the sensation he had caused in that quarter.

The group were silent for some moments, when the indefatigable Mrs. Tapestring again gave her tongue—“Oh, her hair! how tasty it’s curled!—’pon my word, Mr. Strop, you have excelled yourself!” addressing a spare melancholy figure, who, from the incessant snap of his fingers, I had settled in my mind to be a barber. “She did not come under my curling tongs!” quoth he with a sigh, “she brought her own dresser with her from *Lunnon*.”

This very interesting conversation was now broken by the repeated cries of “down!”—“hats off!”—and the “trades” had hardly time to take their places before the curtain gradually rose.—There was a pause—

* Heriot—James the First’s Goldsmith.

Vide “*Fortunes of Nigel*.”

the pulse of expectation beat for a moment—and the next, Miss — * * * flashed on the stage, like lightning and stood in the centre—a beautiful serpent—all the audience fascinated!—Anon, she gracefully turned—and then she danced—tirra-lirra-la!—But oh, her steps!—eloquent!—maddening!—heart-taking!—Every one appeared to drink in the sense of their exquisiteness, till their feelings at last evaporated in one continued *encore*! which seemed to say—

“ ——— if it were now to die,
“ 'Twere now to be most happy!”

But still, as if unconscious of the aches she caused—making frequent obeisance, she continued to embody all the loveliness that e'er had been displayed by angel, or by woman:—still growing more and more brilliant. But the senses had been screwed up to the utmost pitch—to look now had been madness—and knowing it, many were observed to close their eyes as a relief. Another burst of rapture—and the curtain fell—and gloves and hats were crushed in convulsive extacy!

“ What a happy woman Miss — * * * must be!” said a beautiful girl to her mother, as she threw on her shawl, *à la Sevigne*.—I sighed, and left the house.—

* * * * *
* * * * *

There is a small bed room in the hotel of —, with a wax candle burning on the dressing table, evidently placed there in readiness for some one's coming.—The

clock strikes twelve, and the hurried tread of light feet is heard on the stairs—the door opens—and a female form, decked with brilliants, as if overpowered by some previous exertion, stalks in:—that face is not to be mistaken—it is the beautiful actress returned from the theatre.—But, soft—her silver voice—“Thank God! it is over—ha! ha!—the glare—the applause—what a mockery! and my poor heart breaking!—I acted well, and many envied me, and thought me the thing I seemed.”—“But,” continued she, in a thrill of bitter agony—“they would not envy me if they saw me as I am!” Thus saying, she took a wet towel and passed it over her face, and the *rouge* which had served like “roses over a sepulchre,” to conceal the worm that preyed beneath, disappeared and she was as pale as the early snow-flower!—Then she dashed her splendid diamond tiara from her head, and her hair fell loose on her shoulders:—anon, her lips curled with scorn, as approaching the mirror, she beheld the reflection of her pallid cheek—on whose surface the spoiler had already been too busy!—She had now exercised misery’s privilege, and “fool’d herself to the top of her bent;” but grief was not to be cheated of her tears—for on opening her casket to put in her jewels, something fell out on the floor—she picked it up—but immediately, as if it had been a serpent, let it fall, with a loud scream.—It was the portrait of him, whom her young heart had loved—had trusted—passing woman’s love and faith!—and who had meanly, cruelly deceived her—and, like a fiend, had added perfidy to his cruelty

—*had* made her letters the sport and jest of his depraved and dissolute companions! “That man!” said she—“what have I not sacrificed for that man!—and he has deliberately spurned me!—as I now spurn him”—and she kicked with her small foot the portrait from her—at the same time, regardless of her gala dress, threw herself on the bed, and gave vent to a hysteric burst of bitter tears.—

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“Reader!—I have been wretched—and still am—lonely—neglected—and trodden upon.—Have lived to see my dearest friend become my bitterest enemy—my hopes, one by one, decay—my best intentions thwarted and perverted.—But I never was—nor never will be one, who could coolly, with the temperature of a demon, betray a young—an innocent—a confiding creature!”

SOMETHING STIFF.

Host.—"What says my bullyrook?—Speak scholarly and wisely."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

"Your articles are highly amusing,—very!" said the publisher to me the other evening, as I carried him a lucubration for the Miscellany, on whose establishment I had been retained for some time as essayist and tale-bearer; and averaged my per sheetage accordingly: "but I want *something stiff*." "Stiff!" re-echoed I. "Yes, stiff:"—something for the waggon train—for you know it is'nt every one that can travel by the *Hirondelle* and Berkeley Hunt."

"I don't understand," responded I, putting on a face of Guildhall ignorance and roast goose.

"Why, *something stiff*;" reiterated he, with the air of a preface to a modern whim wham, discussing egotism and common-place. I still remained insensible. "Then something after the way of Locke on the understanding; or Porson on the Greek par-

ticle,—now,” growled the paymaster of wit’s forces :
“ you comprehend, or

“ Must I couple Hell ? ”

“ O fie ! ” cried I, giving him back some small change for his Shakespearean coin : “ I now understand—humph ! What say you to an Exquisite’s neck-scarf ? ” “ Pshaw ! ” “ A great man’s condescension ? ” “ Pshaw ! ! ” “ A poor relation’s neck in a thorough draught ? ” “ Pshaw ! ! ” “ A drill sergeant’s back ? ” “ Pshaw ! ” “ An article in the ‘ Foreign Quarterly ? ’ ” “ Pshaw ! ! ! ” and exit the publisher in a huff, and the door in a slam.

Now there are so many authenticated noun substantives in this world to which the qualification of “ stiff ” may be attached, that any particular selection would be extremely partial and invidious : “ Nevertheless, there must be something achieved of that kidney,” ruminated I, as having returned to my back parlour den, “ situate and being ” in the classic regions of *High* Holborn, my eye glanced at that fire-engine which, in common with others brought up to the *bar*, has so frequently furnished forth one of our National similies ; and which is very often, and extremely facetiously so, too, applied by young ladies, and posture professors, to the bows and steps of their respective Philanders and disciples—to wit—*as stiff as a poker*.

So, as a preliminary measure, I mixed myself a *stiff*

glass of toddy twist, hot without, as you may well be assured, a too plentiful corruption of what Horatius Flaccus designates, rather anti-teetotally "vilissima rerum"—water;—drank it up—a duplicate—but still no symptoms—a third—a fourth—a fifth;—and then several unbendable illustrations began to stalk in visionary "buckram suits" through my brain. First came the uniform and unadulterated "responderé parati" of hunters, fishers, riders, walkers, shooters, dancers, and other amateur labourers, when asked the next morning at toast and butter time, after their several feats (query feet) how they felt themselves? "Oh, pretty well, only rather *stiff*."

Again, followed a set of ill looking officials in plunket colour coats, in company with a set of as ill looking *non*-officials, with hardly a coat amongst them, who forthwith fell to dragging a river with much bustle and assiduity; until one, who appeared the principal querist, exclaimed to the *sub.* whom he delighted to honour: "its no use, Bill, the tide has sure to have floated down the *stiff'un*."

And then I felt a *shindy* kicking up in my Olympus, as if my brains were practising Sir Roger de Coverley's fling; and the scene changed to a gay ball room, dight with chalk and wax. Presently a smiling, dapper little man advanced, leading a male thing of scent and curls, to a female thing of scent and curls; exclaiming "Miss Jenkins, Mr. Tomkins—Mr. Tomkins, Miss Jenkins; and both inclined *stiffly*, and again returned to their seats, looking as shamefully as if

they had been detected in the social enormity of listening under their neighbour's parlour window of a night.

These and many more spectred thoughts, illustrative of my thesis, rose up in my mind, but I could make nothing of them, much less a lucubration; for as soon as I attempted to clutch and transfer them to paper, they were gone!

At last, hearing the clock strike one, I seized my pen, and after some delay, occasioned by mistaking the glass for the inkstand, and saluting the bottle with the snuffers, instead of the candle, commenced like a lawyer, making white black. The next morning, the following *romant*, with a covey of blackbirds, grease, and brandy ringlets, appeared on the sheet of foolscap, which I had placed before me for composition the night before, as has been made matter of interest and history.

“ The sun had risen early, like a bagman whose bedstead is inhabited, and for sometime had gilded with his gold the romantic town of Dustercleugh, in whose streets there was holding the great Midsummer fair:—and cattle bellowed—pigs squeaked—horses neighed;—and bipeds very successfully imitated all three;—while the pedestrian, as he passed, scented from his shoes

“ the smell of dairy.” *

When a man 'yclad in broad cloth of mysterious colour and tawny top boots, strode with the lofty air of a round

* Thomson's Seasons.

of beef revived, and going to exercise its elective franchise, and plump at a contested County election, into the Travellers' room at the Green Dragon ; and in a side box, having come to a consistency, called loudly for the Drawer, and exclaimed in a startling authoritative voice: " Waiter ! *three penn'oth* of brandy and water, and, d'ye hear, d—mee, make it *stiff*."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Early impressions !—dear, lovely, memorials of the days of childhood, when the moral heaven was cloudless, like a Romance's Italian sky—how ought ye to be prized and cherished by your fortunate possessors ! 'Tis ye, and ye alone, are the real healthy and unsophisticated workings of outward objects on the heart : for the impressions of age !—what are they ?—only plagiarisms—borrowed from books,—from others—or, if original, tinted by prejudice and custom ; shaded by misanthropy, and finished by vice.

These first impressions grow with our growth, and wither but with our decay. They are the first to welcome our *débüt* into this sweet and bitter world, and the last—the very last, to quit us : they are the most sincere, and least swallowlike, of all our friends. In the days of affluence and hours of happiness they are our most pleasing companions—in the days of indigence and hours of agony they are our tenderest nurses ; and, in short, their faithfulness exceeds (Ladies, your pardon !) that fearful thing, woman's love. It may well

be added, in their eulogy, that they have given more votaries to the exclusive shrine of Glory ;—more characters to be delineated by the romantic pen of the historian, than even ambition, that sleepless agitator.

What made Alexander the conqueror of the world? What made Byron one of the world's finest poets? One will tell you chance; another, emulation; and a third, (shaking his head like him in the "Critic,") that it was industry. Let these wise men of Gotham enjoy their opinions; I say it was early impressions! for from them the curious eye may trace the glorious after years of many "*cælestes animæ*;" as they always, in like manner as external objects do to the Chameleon, reflect their hue on our after lives; or, to use the euphony of the "North Countree" poet: they are

" The shadows which coming events cast before !"

Behold! a tyro swimming his paper argosy in the village brook. Day after day he is there, let the weather be ever so rebellious, *malgré* the alternate entreaties and scoldings of his mother;—*malgré*, too, the Dominie's application of that tree, immortalized by Solomon, he still will go! Look for him in after years: you will find him a Nelson!

Lo! a *second* erects a minute stage, and spouts "Now is the winter of our discontent," to his father's footman, making day and "night hideous:"—he will be a Garrick!

A *third* avoids all the customary exercise of boyhood,

and makes a lawless acquaintance with babbling brooks and "green fields,"—"habet fœnum:"—he will be a poet! Thus it is, that these impressions enlarge themselves, like that beautiful Bible simile, the "mustard seed;" which from being the smallest of all seeds, by growing by what it feeds upon, becomes so huge a tree, that the monarch of the ether and cloud leaves his dizzy eyrie to visit its vast circumference of shade.

These impressions, when the world's love, health, wealth—when all fail, still remain to make man respectable to himself. The old, long-remembered huntsman, when disabled by the "horrida podagra," from following the chase, actuated by these, propelling himself round his carpet, scours the country in his arm-chair.

The piscatory disciple of Isaac Walton, in like circumstances, cozy, sitting by the fire, bobs in a washing-tub, and ever and anon fancies he feels the well-known titillation, and draws up his line with the vigour of early years.

The being long an exile from the land of the pale cliffs, let his body be wasted by disease, his years tottering on the brink of eternity—still will plod his weary way back to visit his native village; to renew early acquaintance, and to realize his early attachments. And on his arrival, should all his youthful connexions—his father—mother—kindred—jocund companions—should all be tenants of the tomb that's noiseless, and he left like "one who treads some banquet-

hall deserted !"—still he would love that place, because it was the scene of his early impressions !

When the mind plays the traitor to the body, do these impressions waver in their fidelity ? No ! they are as enthusiastic, as constant, as pleasing as ever ! They follow their possessors as comforters, as companions to the madhouse—that abode more shocking to humanity than the tomb itself—if any doubt, let them go to *Bedlam* and they will find it veritable.

For there the merchant "*haud immemor*" of his former consequence upon 'Change still cogitates on "India stock" and "three per cent. annuities consol." The mathematician, verifying Hogarth's picture, still chalks on the wall the "segment of a circle ;" and the faded exquisite, "*quantum mutatus ab illo*," still sedulously ties and unties his lack lustre cravat, à la Brummell ; still curls his hair, now in a "wild frenzy rolling" down his superior garment, and anoints it with oil constantly subtracted every night from the lamp for that purpose. And though his woe-begone figure no longer instilleth soft desire, yet he still cries the fop's watch-word, 'pon honour ! and makes love to his broken back chair and his table, suffering, may be, under the same bodily disablement as his Excellency, the Marquis of Anglesea !

But these impressions do not stop here ; they stick to their possessor till death itself. Those that have been accustomed to watch the couch of the sick and dying must have often seen early hopes, prejudices, and fears, predominate to the last. The miser, though

he is well assured that he has but one little moment before his soul will be wafted to the banks of the oblivious river, will yet employ that moment in embracing the pelf, for the sake of which he has foregone the pleasures of this world, and perhaps of the next ! The player, if a comedian, will shout out in " Cam-byses' vein " for sherris sack !—if a tragedian, he will astound the son of Æsculapius, pale with nightly attendance at his couch, by bellowing out—

" The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !
Where got'st thou that goose-look ? "

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE CLERGYMAN.

PREFACE TO THE DIARY.

My life has not been passed in idleness, nor have I shown the “steep and thorny way to heaven,” while I myself trod the—

“Primrose path of dalliance;”

for, without being criminated of boasting, I think it has been my lot to christen, marry, and bury, (not to mention sundry churchings and prayers to the sick and dying,) more than any minister in the triple kingdom: and, consequently, I have witnessed many touching and heart rending scenes, as will be shown in the course of this *diary*; the keeping of which has served to gild the tedium of many a lonely hour; and to bestow the moral satisfaction, as each night I reviewed the entrances inserted through the day—that “non perdidit diem.” When first I began the day-book of my professional adventures, I bound myself by a solemn vow that it should never be published while I lived:—what it will be when I sleep in the little kirk-yard which my study window overlooks—I know not!

No. 1.—THE GUARDSMAN.

“Oh! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!” and that they should distort a dulceration of life into a bestial vice! It was a wise policy of the Lacedemonians to exhibit the inebriated helots to their children, as nothing is more competent to expatriate drunkenness than the spectacle of a wine inflated man. And indeed, if the anatomy of drunkenness* were laid open, and the horrid vices that compose its system more publicly exposed, so loathsome and disgusting would its turpitude appear, that none, except those utterly lost, would quaff a wine cup more. The thought has often recurred to me, that the drunkard’s progress, nervously and eloquently painted, or written, might be equally beneficial with the justly celebrated “Rakes” of Hogarth.

Should this Diary ever meet the eye of the public the following simple, yet awful consequences attendant on intoxication, *malgré* the poverty of the language, might have some effect in restraining this daily increasing vice. Not that I am so sanguine as to suppose that the professed and systematic bibber would relinquish his vine-juice for any detail, let it be ever so touching: no, not if one were to resurgise from the

* Since ably done so by the late Dr. Macnish, the “Modern Pythagorean” of Blackwood’s Magazine. These “passages” first appeared in 1832.

voidless tomb, and tell him of its heinousness! Yet it may be as a beacon to the thoughtless incipient, who has approached too near the maddening rubicon, to turn from its brink and retrace his steps in time: for its streams possess a magic influence—a serpentine fascination to entice the unsuspecting into their vortex,—where if he once get, no power can save him! About a month preceding the incident I am about to relate, and of which myself was a horrified eye-witness, the matrons and wives of the village of H—— were very much alarmed by the unexpected, though not unusual phenomenon—the arrival of a serjeant of the guards, who came delegated for the express purpose of recruiting, as his corps had been of late very much curtailed of its members by the inexorable digits of death, who cares no more for the splendid “hessians” of a guardsman, than for the gilded “*turres*” of a king!

The county of which my cure H—— forms a partition, is peculiarly remarkable for the height, strength, and fine symmetry of its male residents; and has been so, if we believe Camden and the old monkish authors, for time immemorial. This guardsman, whose name was Topham, was a particularly handsome specimen of one of the finest body of men in this or any other kingdom—the king’s guards; therefore, his arrival created no little sensation among the village *grisettes*. For the succeeding Saturday, after they had disposed of their agrarian commodities, many were the farmers’ daughters who were seen to enter the shop of Mr.

Silktwist, the draper, and to exit the same shop with neat little paper parcels, which might contain ribbons, silk neckerchiefs, and gauze, as ammunition to begin the attack the Sunday following on the heart of the handsome soldier. But insupportable was their disappointment, when at church the guardsman handed no less a person into a seat than his wife: and that she was *bond fide* his spouse, the lynx optics of half a dozen damsels soon discovered, by the plain gold ring that encircled her finger. After this invention, I had to observe that my feminine audience paid more than usual attention to the "service." This was the first and last appearance of the guardsman at my church. Hitherto, (for this short period,) his conduct and manner of living were most unexceptionable. But the scene was soon to be changed; and as events finally happened, fatally for the worse. Unused to such lax discipline, and free from the surveillance of martial controul, he soon committed himself to unrestrained debauchery; and got acquainted with a set of idle "neer do weel's," who haunted the purlieus of the adjoining town. With them he passed his days and nights at a low pandemonium, called the "Lamb;" and with them I saw him, heedless of the degradation to himself and his corps, playing at "chuck-farthing;" while about three in the morning he trundled home, in the most demoniac humour, making "night hideous" with his blasphemous imprecations; and, on his arrival at his lodgings, pouring out the phials of his inebriated fury on his poor inoffensive wife, whom, as the

neighbours said, he beat in the most savage manner,
so that her moans might be heard for miles. * * *

* * * * * (Here there is a hiatus,
and the diary is mute on the subject, 'till the night of
the catastrophe, when we find the following.)

Feb. 6th, 10 o'clock, night.—Returning from the town of ———, I met the guardsman, maddening drunk, and in the most portentous state of excitement. I could see the molten liquor which he had imbibed ebbing and flowing like a spring tide in his temples; and his lurid breath, as I passed him, seemed like the first scent of Gehenna, which the damned snuffle in, as shrieking, the arch-fiend hurries them down.—“Jam premit nox:”—a thought which I could not restrain, arose in my mind, that 'ere the night was passed this man would commit some horrid deliction; and so great was my presentiment of impending evil, that I was once, or twice, inclined to return, and have him put in safe custody for the night.

Twelve o'clock the same night.—Was awakened by a loud knock at my bed-room door; on enquiring the reason of this untimely palpitation, I recognized the voice of my servant, who propounded that I must rise immediately, and go to the guardsman's wife, who was dying!

I hastily donned my clothes, and walked with a quick step towards the lodgings of the guardsman. On approaching the house, I was greatly shocked by hearing Topham inside, yelling out the most horrible oaths. Having reached the cottage, I applied my finger to the

latch; the door opened, and I found myself in the kitchen; the guardsman, who appeared to have been prevented from going up stairs by a door, which was bolted on the other side, was essaying with all his weakened, but still Sampsonian strength, to force it open; threatening the most dreadful revenge if it were not opened to him.

On my expostulating with him upon the barbarity of his conduct, he fiercely turned round, and with his drawn hanger, (for he wore his side arms,) ordered me to quit the house. Seeing full well that it was no time for reasoning, I laid hold of a spit which hung over the fire place, more as an ornament than an utensil, and struck the sword out of his hand, and pinned him to the wall. In this enthrallment I held him, with the assurance, that if he made any more disturbance, I would run him through; at the same time declaring my holy function. Upon hearing this, with a very bad grace he made a sort of an apology, which terminated with "Why, you see, sir, you must excuse me; I haven't been used to such things—I don't understand parsons; I am in the guards!"*

The scuffle had been heard above stairs, and the barred door was opened by * * *, the physician, who, it appeared, had sent for me, as the poor woman, after her delivery, was in great danger.

On entering the little bed room, I found the poor woman breathing with difficulty, yet still sensible—her

* This apology of the guardsman is matter of fact.

eyes fixed with maternal fondness on the little babe, which had just struggled into this world of ours, and which, carefully wrapped in swathes, was placed near the bed. Seeing her departure was not very distant, I opened the book, and as all knelt down, read that beautiful portion of the church service so appropriate for the dying. I had not proceeded far before I was interrupted by a slight rustle in the bed, accompanied by a deep drawn suspiration, such as is excited when we view something horrible to the feelings—as a child escapeless, inevitably about to be crushed by the rotation of a wheel—the favourite hero of a drama about to be led to instant execution. I looked up; the eyes of the dying were intently watching something at the further end of the room. My gaze followed in that direction, and I beheld the guardsman, who must have entered unperceived, dancing the infant in his arms, like a nurse; himself reeling backwards every now and then; while the child was in the most imminent danger of being thrown every instant. What was to be done?—if either of us moved to take it from him, in turning from us he would, most likely, drop the babe. I drew in my breath, and waited in horrible uncertainty for the event!

Now he seems as if he were tired, and would place it on a chair—now he dangles it again!—But, ha! that piercing shriek—eternal mercy! the father stumbles—and the babe, in his descent, is hurled into the red lurid flames of the bed-room grate! For all of us to rush and extract it from the fire, was the work of an

instant—the poor mother rushed too! Oh! there was something awful, yet beautiful, to see the pale, sepulchral being, who before another hour would be a denizen of some other sphere, standing in breathless anxiety; watching, nay, assisting the means for reviving her dear offspring! As long as there appeared hope, she was calm—she was contented; but when, in reply to her beseeching look, the physician shook his head, the iron appeared to have entered her heart's core; for, approaching the blackened remains of what was her child, she kissed its cremated cheek, and, looking up to heaven, exclaimed, in a thrilling whisper, “hush! hush! my babe! don't cry—I shall soon be with you!” Then, stalking up to her wretched husband, who had beheld the whole scene with stupid wonder, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and giving him one piteous look, (but oh! that look!) fell a cold, cold corpse on the floor! That look instantaneously sobered the guardsman, who now being aware of the horrible catastrophe occasioned by his intoxication, fainted away, and only recovered to be a mowing idiot for life!

* * * * *

Years have avolated since that night; and the once handsome guardsman, now transformed into a sort of modern Autolycus, may be seen in the streets of —, followed by a myriad of boys, and chanting, with the heart-rending humour so customary to idiots, the following eulogy on his wares:—

“ Eight rows a penny, oh!
Be not those too many, oh!

Eight rows a penny, oh!
 The best London pins.
 Four and twenty needles, oh!
 All for one penny, oh!
 Some to make the lady's gown,
 And some to sew the flounces round—
 Four and twenty needles, oh!
 All—all, for one penny, oh!"*

Postscript to the Diary.—Poor Topham is since dead, and his grave may be seen in the village church-yard of H——. The lines he was wont to sing are, at the express desire of the ill-fated idiot, engraved on his tomb, which is frequently visited by the poor mendicant, for the purpose of learning the rhymes. Should any ever hear these lines, we hope they will pause for a moment, and listen; and, if going to a drinking party, or dinner, may it be a warning to take a glass or two less!

No. 2.—THE LOST BRIDE.

Oh! how often in this mutatory life is the sparkling fresh draught of felicity dashed from the thirsty lips of those about to quaff it! And how often do we

* The above lyric which is here given verbatim, and in its original *metreless* state, was chanted by a poor wanderer, who for many years made a periodical tour through the west of England, as a vendor of pins, needles, and such like inconsiderate merchandise. Lately, however, his usual visitations have been (it is supposed by death) discontinued.

see a smiling family, the happiest of the happy—who gave life to the dance, and who electrified with joyousness the company wheresoever they went, by their good-humoured courtesies—how often do we behold such a family suddenly invaded by the tearful sorrow and the gory misfortune! To observe such a thing at any time is melancholy—nay to hear of it is so; but to have been acquainted with—to have visited a family thus situated—oh! it is heart-rending! Who, under such circumstances, when he beheld the house, endeared by hospitality and friendship; in which he had passed many a pleasing hour; and in which so many agreeable friends had commingled together, for one and the same object—enjoyment—who has not felt sick at heart, when he saw that domicile desolate, and like

“ A shrine midst rocks forsaken
Whence the oracle hath fled!”

This is, perhaps, one of the most pathetic passages in my diary. It is touchingly illustrative of the weather-vane uncertainty of all terrestrial felicity! and, to the attentive reader, its moral, without further circumlocution, may be summed up in the emphatic phrase of Scripture—“ Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven!”

Twenty years ago, the now delapidated and deserted C—— Castle, was inhabited by the legitimate descendant of its founder. I was a young man then, just in orders, and resident curate of H——, of which, by the decease of the incumbent, I have since become rector,

The De C——, as he was called, (for the foreign adjunct of Mr. was never linked to his name;) who then dwelt in it, was a generous representative of the old English lords of the manor—not as they are now—but as they were under the rule of the Stuarts. In person he was of gigantic stature, being six feet without his shoes. Though well proportioned, his limbs certified that in his youth his strength must have been unconquerable. His face was tinged with the vermillion of robustious health, and manifested the use of unsophisticated liquors; and to finish his portraiture, there was a certain grateful sphericity about his contour, which won the heart of the beholder, and which the Quiritian Cæsar would have wished Cassius to have possessed. Jealous of innovation, he still kept to the old fashion of frogged coat, buckles, ruffles, silk hose, sword, &c.; and allowed his silvery hair, which equalled spun glass in its texture, to fall over his shoulders. Being the last of a long illustrious race, he determined to adhere to those customs and ideas which had been for the space of a millenium used as laws in the family. So he always, in old baronial style, dined in the castle hall; he, his family, and guests taking the superior end of the table; while, below a large antiquated salt-cellar of clumsy workmanship, with the arms engraved upon it, were placed the domestics, as of old.

Often have I partaken of his hospitality, and often have others done so: and oh! it was an exhilarating sight to behold the fine, majestic ultimate of a hundred warriors, surrounded by the pictures and trophies of

his name, feasting in the hall of his fathers!—in the very hall in which all his Celtic ancestors caroused, since he of the strong bow had conquered the “land which is seated by the seas.”

Though the Stuarts were extinct, and a stranger held the Stuart's throne, he was still a warm partizan of their cause. But people did not wonder—his father died at Culloden—and his eyes often flashed sparks of enthusiasm as he related how, when but a stripling, he had been introduced by his father, and had kissed the hands of the “lad with the bonnie light hair.” And, indeed, so great was his veneration for this ill-starred family, that when any-ways out of humour, he would instantaneously regain his good nature, if such tunes as “*Over the water to Charley* ;” or, “*There'll never be peace 'till King Jamie comes home* ;” were sung or played to him. Every one has his hobby ; his was to explain the deeds done by the realities of the presentments which adorned the old hall. To some this would have been wearisome, but to me it was highly interesting. “ This,” he would say, pointing to a grim figure, with an adunque nose, and a beard like a chancellor's wig : “ this is Sir Gaston de C——, the founder of our family, who came over with Gulielmus Bastardus.”— “ That is Sir Hugh de C——, or dark Sir Hugh, as he was more commonly called in the chronicles of the time, who went on an expedition to the Holy Land, but never returned :”—and he would wipe with his handkerchief the dust from a portrait of a very questionable looking man, whose representative few would

like to meet in a winter night—and so on, 'till he had told the history of all. Then he would recite the wonders of many suspicious looking implements, which he dignified with the grandiloquent titles of “battle axes—harquebusses—falchions—cuirasses—Andrea de Ferraras,” &c. &c.

But his greatest pride was his daughter, his Louisa. She was his only child, and also his last remaining relative;—her mother had died in giving her birth; and a laughter-loving playful girl she was, with an eye perfectly coal black, always beaming with an arch and fascinating expression; and fond of wearing her frock short to disclose her pretty swelling leg. All vivacity, all mirthful, her joyous pranks were the theme of both young and old. But still there was nothing bold or immodest: hers was the gaiety excited by the overflowing exuberance of a guileless heart. Unconscious of the existence of deceit, she was frank to excess. A true village maiden, she delighted in valentines—made true lover's knots—and believed in ghosts and fairies—though she did not fear them. She was fond of games, and often might be seen in her father's hall, playing at hookman's buff, in which pastime never did the

“—— smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind!”

Oh! I think I see her yet, skipping in her little satin slippers, like a young fawn, with all its agility and grace. And then her happy healthful laugh!—it haunts

me still, though years many, many, have passed, like
the holy melody that steals through the midnight air !

* * * * *

* * * * *

Louisa had early been affianced to the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who had been her youthful playmate, her first love, and her choice. Edward D'Este, for by that name I shall call him, was more mentally gifted than the generality of young men of his years ; as he knew something besides how to shoot a swallow on the wing, or how to entwine a neck-cloth *à la Doricourt*. He had made the grand tour of Europe, as it was then called, and had lately returned to H——, and to his Louisa, bringing with him a rich store of improvement. As it had been agreed that on his return the youthful lovers should be united, preparations were immediately began for the celebration of the nuptials. The day at last arrived which was to join two kindred hearts, and to realize an attachment that had passed without the usual *contre tems* and interruptions.

Early in the morning the procession, attended by a long line of chariots, and a large assemblage of the villagers, dressed in their holiday clothes, (for it was to them quite a jubilee,) entered the church ; where the bride, clad in nivalian white, (woman's best attire!) and a string of pure pearls corrolated about her hair, blushing, gave her hand and her heart to her first and only love—her Edward. Great was the manifestation of joy at the event. The old father was in extacies,

and as he returned from the ceremony, shaking every one he met by the hand, till the blood almost started from their nails; he heartily invited all indiscriminately to spend the rest of the day at the castle. But how cheating are all sublunary enjoyments! The hair-suspended weapon hangs over all heads, even over those most apparently happy.

The epulary 'larum had twice been rung—the rare viands were almost spoiled for want of serving; but when all had taken their seats, there arose a murmur of disappointment—the queen of the feast, the black-eyed bride was wanting!—nor was she to be found all over the mansion! It was strange! for a few minutes before she had been with Edward in the garden, gathering strawberries; and there had left him, joking, laughing, and looking back over her shoulder, inviting him to kiss her; and flying onward, her lily finger beckoning him to follow! The father tried to laugh it off, (though it was evident he was alarmed) and exclaimed—"Here's a health to the little puss! she's at her games again; ha! ha!" and turning to the bridegroom, who was deadly pale, he said: "it's only to tease you;" and he quaffed the rich "Lachryma Christi;" but as he carried the glass to his lips, I observed his hand shook, and he spilt the wine. This faint endeavour at raillery did not restore mirth to the banquet. Most of the guests had relinquished their silver cutlery. Here and there, to be sure, among the villagers below the salt, a solitary knife and fork broke the awful silence, and grated against the pewter platter, with, as it were, a sepulchral

sound. And even my Lord L——, so famous for piquant *bon mots* and repartees was tongueless! The pulse of time seemed to be down! it was awfully dreadful to see so many clad in the trappings of mirth, now gaping at vacancy in inconceivable alarm!—then viewing with scrutiny the empty chair, as if expecting to behold some ghastly spectre extended on it! anon, as a footstep was heard without, straining their eyes in eager expectancy.

Thus matters remained; 'till all patience seemed to be exhausted; when, every one, having regarded his neighbour with a dreadful intelligence, rose up—and there was a simultaneous movement—but orderly—no pushing—all walked in silence to the door; where they divided into parties, and each division took a separate way in search. Every avenue, every room, every crevice was investigated; and all the surrounding country scoured by horsemen, but to no purpose! Fearful whispers, of I know not what, were flitting about;—but alas! she was not! and from that hour never more did the music of her silver feet resound in the home of her childhood!

Poor Edward! others have endured woes, but theirs came more gradually—more slowly, so they were in a manner prepared for them; but o'er thee they “broke at once, when all seemed extacy!” All my endeavours to console him were futile; for, with the big tear glistening in his eye, he would exclaim: “You have never lost a lovely bride—a first love:—you have never had the treasury, in which you garnered up your heart,

broken open—and a ‘pearl richer than all its tribe’ taken away!” Weary of his cheerless existence, he entered the army, and wilfully seeking danger, he afterwards died at Waterloo! I heard, that when he was found, his hand was firmly grasping a miniature, which was the similitude of a lady, in her earliest youth and loveliness. To extract it from him was impossible, without cutting off the hand; so it was buried with him. Such was the untimely end of one, who had the palm of felicity snatched from him by envious fate, at the very goal!

But the most melancholy part remains for me to tell. It is of the idiot father!—for this bereavement had scathed his reason. And he had forgotten all his friends, and had given up all intercourse—all interest of passing events, and never laughed more. His ancestral domain, once his pride, was neglected and desolate, and half shut up; while the courts and walks were choked with rank weeds; and even his pictures were now disregarded. A boding gloom seemed to brood over every thing. No more did the lofty cupola re-echo with the loud wassail song! The “harp was mute in Tara’s hall!” Often might the old man be seen, bent double with sorrow, led by a little boy, wandering about the bye-ways, as if in search of something he wished to find.

* * * * *

June 21, —. Called on the De C—— the first time since the inauspicious bridal day. He was in a little old fashioned room’ above stairs—his attendant

sitting with him, when the following little scene took place.—“ Well, my dear sir, I hope I see you well ? ” said I, as I shook him by the hand. “ Oh, very well,” replied he with a sigh. Then, with a gay air, he enquired : “ but would you not wish to see Louisa ? ” I saw by a sign from the attendant that I had better not cross him, so I assented with a nod. And he proceeded to call in a low voice, “ Louisa ! Louisa ! ”—“ But perhaps,” said he looking earnestly at me—“ perhaps she did not hear : I’ll call louder—Louisa ! Louisa ! ” Here I could hold no longer, and the tears fairly trickled down my cheeks ; upon observing which, he knelt down, and, with clasped hands, supplicated me to tell him where his child was. “ Pray, do not mock me,” said he, “ I know I am a grey haired old man, and to speak the truth, not right *here*,” pointing to his head ; “ but oh ! I loved my child ! indeed, sir, I did.”—And he would not rise till I promised his daughter should be with him very shortly. I then took my leave ; and I heard from the attendant that he is often thus ; and always has a chair and plate set at table for his daughter, and waits twenty minutes by his watch for her arrival, before he will eat !

July 3, —. This day, I received a message to attend the castle. On my arrival, I found the old man, attended by H—— B——, the physician, propped up with cushions, seated in the great hall ; and close opposite was hung the “ Death Picture.”* I shuddered,

* The “ Death Picture.”—Here it is necessary to explain, that it was a custom in the De C—— family to hang up the picture of every

for I knew too well what it foreboded, He was greatly changed since I saw him last—for he was evidently dying; yet little, or no remains of his idiotcy appeared left. After I had made some usual inquiries, in a solemn voice he said: “I have seen her! I have seen my Louisa! Last—last night, I was awakened by a soft voice; I arose in the bed, and lo! at the foot curtains stood Louisa smiling—her arms opened, as if to embrace me: I called to her, but gloomily she pointed to the moon-lighted sky, and vanished. She’s in heaven, and I shall die happy!” Here, he paused and did not allude to this subject any more; and another appeared to engross his attention—for presently, he examined, one by one, all the pictures minutely. And when he had finished, a tear trembled in his eye; but before I could enquire the reason, he himself disclosed it.—“This is a sad effeminate end for a De C—— to die,” said he, with a sickly smile, as he pointed to the cushions; “I am the last of my name, but the first that ever died thus! All my ancestors, Mr. ——, ended their being in the ‘big wars’ on the battle field. But if I shall not expire as a hero, at least my last moments will be surrounded by the effigies of those who did!” Here his voice failed.—There was a slight convulsion about the lineaments of his countenance—it ceased—and in the next moment he was gone to where

male, on his dying day, with those of his ancestors. This is not peculiar to the house of the De C——; as it is to this day, I believe, observed in the ancient family of the Symonds of Mynde Park, Herefordshire.

the chiefs that peopled history's romantic annals had gone before.

Never did I behold so calm a dissolution—so short too, —without a pang—without a sigh.—It truly verified the Scripture—"Surely the end of the good man is peace!" So died the last of the De C——'s, and almost the last of those old-school characters, which a false refinement is fast expatriating from our land. Soon there will be none such! and their like will only be found in the vivid description of a romance.—There may arise men more mouth honouring, more book read, and less blunt.—But they will be a poor exchange for that extinct race, whose respectability consisted in the artless simplicity and moral rectitude of their lives! * * *

* * * * *

Years rolled on—the sad story of Louisa and her idiot father was forgotten, and strangers dwelt in the heritage of the De C——s; when one rainy November day, the young mistress of the castle, having exhausted all her stock of amusements, and weary of being "put into circumspection and confine;" in a fit of *ennui*, accompanied by many beauteous satellites, determined to explore the secrets of the hoary pile. They had not proceeded far in their investigation, when in a gloomy corridor, a chest, strongly girt with corroded iron, and richly carved with burlesque ornaments, lying as if unnoticed for centuries, in an indented crypt, caught the gaze of one and all. A consultation was held; when it was proposed by one—as arch, as laughter-loving, as thoughtless as Louisa—"Let us move it

from its dusty obscurity.”—No sooner said than done. The servants were called, and the chest was lifted across the gallery; but in its transport the bottom board broke—burst and fell! Shrieking, the young girls fled—for lo! out had tumbled a blanched, fleshless skeleton!—a string of pearls—together with some minute shreds of what appeared to have been a satin robe! All else was dust—save, however, a plain gold ring—a wedding one—and a little amethyst locket, set round with gold, the back engraven with a name—and that name—Louisa!

The mystery of her strange disappearance was now solved. Alas! poor, hapless girl! thus then, had she found a cheerless tomb; and on her bridal day, too! In this old chest had she hidden herself, fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy; thinking, when caught, to leap out and scare her seekers.—But the lid closed, and a spring lock, (doubtless made by some ancestor for the preservation of treasure,) fastened her down from father, husband, and the wholesome air, for ever!

PRINCIPLE AND INTEREST.

"Rolla, the kinsman of the king is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace, more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim and, I fear, his peace to friendship and Cora's happiness; yet, still he loves her with a pure and holy fire."—*Pizarro, Act 1, Scene 2.*

Prince H.—"Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?"

Fatstaff.—"Where thou wilt, I'll make one; and I do not, call me villain, and baffle me!"—*Henry IV. Act 1, Scene 2.*

There are two things which regulate men's movements in this life,—*Principle* and *Interest*. The first is professed by the few; the last by the million, or at least in the ratio of two to one: as, for corroboration, the social fact—

"There were *two* who lov'd their neighbour's wives,
And *one* who lov'd his own!!"

In rank, *Principle* is a poor, clever, witty, half-fed curate, with forty pounds per annum; a house full of smoke, wet clothes, and soap suds; sixteen great and small children, two pigs, a fat wife, and a seedy coat, whose colour the village tailor remembers to have been

black—or at least, pepper and salt, when he was a boy.

On the other hand, *Interest* is the fat, *portly* Vicar of Bray, residing in a well “stockit” farm and mansion, filled, like himself, with good things; and who, instead of sixteen bantlings, has one sickly boy, “my son, sir;” a compound of all the sweets of the adjacent cake-shops. While as to the matter of coats, he has more changes of them than the Roman Lucullus had of cloaks.

“Consistency is my motto,” says the curate, as he inks the seams and *seems* of his diseased garment hebdomadally, every sabbath morning.—“What! the rectory of —, if I’ll change my coat?” monologues the vicar: “here goes then!” and he turns his sleeves inside outwards, after the esteemed method of little boys when they celebrate their races. But to proceed,—*Principle* is always on the weak side; catch *Interest* on any but the strong! Again, *Principle* really has patriotism, though, owing to his brevity of “twine,”* he obtain no credit for it. But it is *Interest* who is loud in his professions of it; and who frequently gets believed, till, in a luckless hour, the money bag falls from beneath his “Mackintosh,” and discovers the cheat!

Principle will uphold his creed, let it be moral, or political, in spite of ridicule, persecution, gallows, guillotines, and *auto da fe’s*. *Interest* will do nothing half so foolish. *Principle*, too, will adhere in allegiance to his sovereign, through good and through bad repute;

* Cash.

never tarrying to enquire whether his private affairs are likely to culminate, or depress, by his attachment; or whether his king be a tyrant, or bigot; it makes no consideration or difference to him: *feal* and *leal* he will be to the end. Yes, with his last breath he will do homage to him, and cry *vive le roi!* on the scaffold.

In some of these points, *Interest* will not act dissimilarly; though he is not such a goose as to follow any one through bad report; yet, so far is he alike, that it is not of the least consequence to him whether his suzerain be a tyrant or not, so long as he is anointed with the oil of place and palms:—but should the cruse, like the widow's of old, dry up—and the throne begin to totter—*à la minute*, he will cry “*vive la republique!*” to the first *sans-culotte*, who has the audacity to unfurl the tricoloured flag, and clap the night-cap of liberty on his *poll*.

Of yore, *Principle* was Fabricius—was Regulus; while *Interest*, in every age and clime, was always a Talleyrand. Among nations *Principle* is the Jew, whose faith centuries have not shaken; *Interest* the Carthaginian, who had never any to shake. “This is all very rare for *Principle*; but *mutatis mutandis*: who is it that steals the hearts of all the beauteous women?” *Interest!* “And has all the fat legacies left him?”—ditto, *Interest*. “What then, does poor *Principle* get?” Answer, *vice versé*:—the scorn of all the ugly ones; and, by way of remembrance in the will, permission to lament, like the fellow who Horace tells us, had—

“ Nil sibi legatum præter plorare ! ”

Query,—“Then has *Principle* no advantages—no sops in the pan?” Yes: “He may inflate the indignatory muscle of his mouth, and “ore rotundo,” proclaim *Interest* to be a Jim Crow, a turn coat, an ambidexter, a jack of both sides, &c. &c. &c.”—“Pshaw! But does he obtain nothing for his *disinterested* conduct?”—“No; nothing at all. Yet stay,—Yes; *broken heads, ditto windows, brick bats, and pebble stones!*”

“Hum! this is not a very agreeable prospect for the incipient professor of *Principle* it must be confessed.” “There you are wrong: is the honour of the thing nothing? As, take an instance:—Suppose the tories, at this present hour, extinct; (they will *sans doute* shortly be so,*) and that only a few organic remains are left, who are followed, as they stalk along the streets, in their dreadnoughts and leripoop shoes, like an Italian with a dancing poodle,—say, would it be nothing to be one of these same organic remains; and to have the opportunity of exemplifying, in your own person, the moral grandeur of knocking down your enemies with one hand, while, *à la* Sir Charles Wetherell, you hold up your inexcusables with the other? Would it be nothing, too, to possess the blissful privilege of lowering contemptuously on all around whose political tenets are in antipodes to your own;

* Since the original publication of this paper, the above random prophecy, playfully at the time thrown out, has been realized: for those who were tories *then* have *now* accepted the *more sensible* name of conservatives.—So, *literally*, the tories have been for some time extinct.

while your breast heaves and swells with conscious rectitude and moral dignity ; never deigning to vent a sigh, save when memory brings back to you a vision of the good old days of Wellington and Peel, and the dear king, who perpetrated the best bows and worst puns of any man in his three realms ?”

But onwards—*Principle*, if it has its white side, has also, like Pythagoras’s relations (Beans,) its black ones. In a word, it may become ridiculous : as in the case when some small, “wee” tradesbody, with eyes like saucers full of milk and water, assumes the “*atrocem animum Catonis* ;” and outrageously refuses, upon principle, (lege interest,) to deal out his wares to one whose moral or political creed is at variance to his own ; or, when in domestic life, an old maid, who, like our sister, in Euripides,* “has been a virgin a long time,” cruelly persists upon *Principle* (lege necessity,) not to marry. But here let it not be supposed that we think principle incompatible with any one but a gowned Roman ; or that it is out of its sphere in the domestic circle—far from it. On the contrary, our heart will ever beat in unison with his who is true to his first love, though that first love’s beauty, by time, or accident, has faded ;—and constant to his friend, though that friend has sunk beneath the “summer’s sun” of good report, and, *perhaps*, is no longer worthy of esteem.

Principle, too, like many other staunch, old out-and-outers, is often apt to be lead headed ; and then, when

* “ παρθένε μαχρὸν δὴ μῆχος Ἠλέχτρα Χρόνου.”

Orestes, 72nd line.

he has seized the wrong opinion by the ear, he is as tenacious of it as an eel in a frying pan; never supposing that the hair which suspended the sword over the head of the voluptuary was less narrow than the line which separates true principle from its three tributary streams,—prejudice, obstinacy, and bigotry. Notwithstanding, however, this perverseness, so incident as an alloy even to the sublimer qualities of our nature, we revere a steady principle, if it is only exemplified in our servants' handing wine to our guests, without saturating their habiliments.

And, in accordance with this our veneration, to the man of steady principles, we say: pursue your virtuous course; waver not;—but then, do not persecute those who differ from you. For is it requisite, because you love cream that you should blaspheme custard? On the contrary, bear in your mind, that man's political as well as his moral creed, is—

“ Between him and his maker ! ”

and that, if a man's opinions are bad, they will not become a whit better, though you burn, roast, toast, or smoke him !

THE OLD MAN'S TALE.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws,
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes ;
To which life nothing darker, or brighter can bring—
For which joy has no balm—and affliction no sting !

Irish Melodies.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;

* * * * *

They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another,
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder :—
A dreary sea now flows between.—CHRISTABEL.

All those who are in the habit of mingling much in society, must have observed a set of men, rather past the middle age of life, whom every one knows by sight—but none by circumstance ; and who infest, as it were, the marches of gaiety and fashion :—and hang, like a suspended weapon, o'er the scenes they seem, by

some strange interdict of fate, incapacitated from enjoying!—They are to be found in the parks of a morning—at the exhibitions—in fact, every where, where there is a crowd, and where misery may be cheated of a tear.—But never in solitude,—uninhabited solitude. And in the evening, their icy gaze meets your eye at the theatres, immoveable, amidst the applause of a whole audience:—for they never applaud.—And in the gay party, too, they are the *morals*, which cause the laugh to die away on the lips of the young and beautiful! Again, if you go to the post office, they are there, asking for letters; though it never appears they receive any:—go to the libraries,—they are there, also; inquiring for the new novel, which their looks tell, they have neither the desire or intention to read.—In a word, they go every where—look at every thing—and seem to be interested in every thing—yet, their abstraction tells they are in nothing.—Why they are thus?—or, wherefore?—no one knows:—for whatever their grief—they do not complain—are never heard to sigh, or seen to drop a tear:—But their whole life appears to be consumed in flying from *something* infinitely dreadful behind;—and seeking *something* equally beautiful before.—Thus, they hurry from scene to scene—from watering-place to watering-place:—and are, in fact, the Wandering Jews of society, who find their solitude in crowds!

In the autumn of 18—, at the little watering-place of T——, it was my lot to fall in with one of these mysterious beings:—go where I would I met him—

and in every scene, however gay, he wore the same cold look of abstraction :—and the dry eye, which, like the fabled temple of Belus,* seemed to have been emptied of its moisture, and was not to be filled again !

He was a man apparently turned of fifty, or thereabouts ; though he looked much older :—yet, notwithstanding he had long passed the Rubicon of middle life, he had incurred none of the habits of an old man,—took no snuff,—or ever exhibited symptoms of that garrulity so common to those of his time of life :—on the contrary, though he frequently visited places of public resort, he studiously shunned any thing like intercourse with its inmates, and uniformly returned your greeting with a slight nod, and then would steal away, as if to prevent any further advances.

Poor fellow ! he was evidently mad—though perfectly harmless ; and the greater part of his time was passed in wandering up and down the streets, and looking wistfully in the face of every woman he met ; as if he expected to find the lineaments of some being once dear to him.—But he always turned away with a disappointment, truly piteous ; and for some time afterwards his eyes would be cast on the ground :—anon, as some joyous laugh caught his ear, he would again raise them, and hasten in pursuit of the beauteous

* The glass tomb of Belus, which was full of oil, and which when once emptied by that bedlamite, Xerxes, could not again be filled—so at least 'tis said.—[Vide, *the end of the Dictionary passim.*]

fair one; and having looked her in the face, would once more turn away, with that heart-rending sigh.

At two or three parties where I met him he generally sat down in one place, and never moved from it for the rest of the evening; but appeared to attend with great earnestness to all that passed,—though he took part in nothing.—Sometimes, however, when a young lady would take her place at the piano—his look assumed a sort of expectancy—and he would lean forward, as if to catch some familiar strain.

One evening a beautiful girl was pressed to sing; though she each time excused herself with a melancholy smile;—till at last she acquiesced, and suffered herself to be led to the piano:—he viewed this with more than his ordinary attention.—But when, after running a few plaintive chords, she struck up in a broken voice, Bailey's pathetic air—"We met!"—uttering a deep sigh, he rose from his seat, and in the next moment was at her side, regarding her with the moaning look of a bird, peering into its rifled nest for its stolen young.—This, then, was the keystone of his sorrow—and he was *one* who had outlived a young and first attachment—and these were the strains she used to sing him!

It was but too true!—and his story, which I heard afterwards, is simple, and may be told in a few plain words—indeed any attempt at embellishment would spoil it.—It is briefly the following:—

In his early days, Beverley, (for so I shall call him), all youth and feeling, won the heart of a mild, dove-

eyed girl;—a perfect child of nature—one who was too pure to shine in halls of dance and fashion, but was formed to be the spirit of a home—a cottage home to him who loved her.

Long they drank enamoured together the draught which a first love—the beautiful—the pure—alone affords!—when Beverley, longing to make her his own for ever, hastened up to London to win fame and fortune by his talents; (for the fickle goddess had not then given him what she afterwards bestowed)—his bosom bounding with proud hopes of rising, and 'ere long returning, like the hero of a fairy tale, with a star upon his breast, to claim her as his own, his fond one!—But, when did truth and enthusiasm ever meet their guerdon?—In his absence, when all his thoughts were of her, and her only—one of those fiends of mischief, who have been known to hang like a blight o'er affection's flowers, let its poison fall venomed into his beloved's ear—whispering, that he was false—false to her!—Oh, God! that he was so traduced!—But so it was; and he shortly afterwards received back his letters, together with a touching note, written in her beautiful hand—a hand which had never before blamed him; and which even *now* chastened its blame with much of former sweetness. For her letter only briefly touched upon her wrongs—his present change of feeling—and then proceeded to wish, that "he might 'ere long, find *one*, who would love him as she had done,"—and then there was a break—and a farewell for ever!

Half broken hearted Beverley hurried down to —. But there, although his presence and guiltless bearing soon dispelled the doubts that falsehood's power had raised, the mere suspicion that he was false had left a scar which his caresses, fond as they were, could not heal.

And one morning, as she sat on his knee—she wept—and kissed his cheek—and then, “ begged him to forgive her all: —but—but, it would be for her *happiness*, that their engagement was broken off.” Pierced with grief and amazement, he gave her a look—and then, for her happiness was *all* to him—his own as nothing—he clung in her embrace—and breaking from her, and oft returning to her soft arms—at last, she looked, and he was gone !

That night he returned to town, vainly striving in change to forget her ;—but to forget ! to such a being as Beverley, was impossible ! Every thing—a word—a song—a flower, which had been associated with their attachment, would constantly rise up and remind him of her ; and, at times, he would start in his sleep, and fancy she was looking o’er him—her light gold tresses falling on his cheek, as they had been wont in other days.

Years passed by in this fruitless endeavour to forget her, who was not to be forgotten !—when Beverley, who had now gained the affluence unsought, which he formerly strove to obtain of fortune ;—for she, the fickle one, is liberal of her favours when the heart has no time to enjoy them—no desire to possess them.

But to return to Beverley:—recoiling from his lot, so cheerless and lonely, his heart again yearned to press his own—his dear girl—to renew former ties;—and by her fond eyes and kisses to throw a drapery o'er his past sufferings, and so forget them all! But on his arrival at her native place, where the twain had walked and loved together, so happy and so purely,—he found she had left her home, and gone, people knew not where. Maddened with wretchedness, he tore himself away; and lighting the torch of his despair, like fabled Ceres, commenced *that search*, which was destined ever to be in vain!

Habit, they say, is second nature, and so it was with him;—for although years and disappointments had used him sadly, his heart still clung to the fond idea of one day meeting with the fair girl, whom he had loved so tenderly and truly. What became of her is not known:—though it is supposed that she, *too*, had set out to seek for him who sought for her.—And thus, *each* never again met the other.

PUNS AND PUNNING.

“ Such as take lodgings in a head
That’s to be let unfurnished.”

HUDIBRAS.

“ ——— unutterable things ! ”
(*Thomson’s Seasons.*)

Punning is a science which teaches men how to pervert the meaning of words and phrases ; and by a dexterous *sleight* of tongue, make them subservient to their own purpose. This art, though very much esteemed by some ;* by the generality of the world is held in very great abhorrence, and its professors viewed with secret fear and distrust.

That such should be the case is not to be wondered at ; as a pun in the mouth of a skilful person, who knows the *where* and the *when* to direct its point, is a very dangerous species of small arm ; and the pos-

* Videlicet—Swift, Steele, Butler (Hudibras), Shakespeare, Foote, Colman (younger), Sheridan, Fox, Byron, Horace Smith, Theodore Hook, T. Hood, Sir Jonah Barrington, “cum multis aliis,” &c. &c.

essor of it may not unaptly be compared to the "old man of the mountains;"* as he has only to wag his tongue, and those who have offended him incontinently fall victims to the keen dagger of his satirism!

The requisites generally considered necessary for the obtainment of this *liberal* science: are, a quick ear; an intuitive sense of the ridiculous; and a clear perception of words sounded alike, though different in orthography and signification. The enemies of the art, also, assert that a spice of the Devil is an indispensable *sine qua-non*: but with this, at present, we have nothing to do.

In its signification, a pun differs from a smart saying, or repartee (though it has sometimes been confounded with the latter) insomuch as a repartee admits of no play upon words; a pun consists of nothing else.† Again, a repartee always bespeaks a certain severity. A pun, generally speaking, let the intent of its author be what it may—is good humoured. Sometimes, however, it happens that the qualities of both are incorporated in the repartee; as in the instance of "*Mlle. Mars's* retort to the *Garde du corps*," who, upon an occasion, subsequent to the restoration of Louis XVIII., hissed her as a Bonapartist, as she drove along the streets of Paris in her carriage:—"What," said the daughter of

* "The Old Man of the Mountains."—Vide Hume's *History of England*—Reign, Richard I.

† "In short one may say of a pun, as the Countryman said of his nightingale: that it is "*vox et præterea nihil*," "all sound and nothing else."—ADDISON.

Thalia, as she heard the insults of these men, who wore their uniform for show and not for service: "What! have the *Garde du corps* to do with *Mars*?"

But, to proceed: puns are of various sorts, the principal are—the common, or verbal pun; the nominal; the quotatory; the heraldic; and the imaginary, or pun by anticipation.

First, then, the common, or verbal pun;—of all the species this is the most in request, and is easier of concoction than the others (particularly the quotatory puns) which require some classical erudition. Of the verbal puns, many examples might be given; we shall, however, select one from Bulwer's *cell*-ebrated novel of "Paul Clifford," where the Robber hero goes to the rooms at Bath as Captain Clifford; and on being asked to "which of his Masjesty's corps he belonged?" replies, "Oh, to the *Rifles*." The nominal pun, generally owes its origin to some such circumstance as the following—"Ah! Bannister, how d'ye do?"—Bye the bye,—have you seen that savage attack of Ebony's this month on poor Fitzscribble's poems?" "No, I have not," replies B——. "Well, you'll find Blackwood somewhere among my papers there." The to-be-victimised goes to look for it. "Have you found it?" "No." "Pshaw! why it *stairs* you in the face!" Howbeit the 'pun nominal,' although the most insignificant of its tribe, is notwithstanding the hardest of digestion. For men, let their names be equal in atrocity to "Gubbins," or "Huggins," do not like to have them taken in *vane*, or turned for a pun.

In the manufacture, or rather *linguif*acture of this article, little genius is required. It is, therefore, almost entirely monopolized by the head masters of public schools; the principals and fellows of colleges; sergeants and corporals of recruiting parties; and sometimes by the editors of magazines, in their corresponding "Notices" to their *flunkies*: but this is not always the case. There is a splendid exception to the contrary in the opening of the ninth canto of "Don Juan." Speaking of the "non sine gloriâ" achievements of Wellington, the noble Childe ends by alluding to the execution of the "bravest of the brave," Marshal Ney:—

"Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise and thunder Nay! (Ney)." *

Totally differing from the preceding, the quotatory pun is perfectly harmless, at least, towards the living; for it never attacks any but those who have departed to kingdom come: and of these, poor Shakespeare is especially a sufferer: as witness a recent iniquity, 'yclept "New Readings of Old Authors." Nevertheless, it is a great favourite with many, and when not carried *too far*, is not altogether destitute of agreeableness. As, in addition to its native wit; it calls up passages of authors,

* Here, I beg to say, that these are Byron's sentiments, *not* mine:—and the above lines were merely introduced as a fair example of the pun nominal," and not with any disparaging intention against the exalted personage in question.

God forbid! I should attempt to pluck any man's laurels from his brow: besides, I should be afraid *his* might stain my hands.

endeared to us by early associations. It is of two kinds: viz. the modern and ancient, or classical pun. The former is much used by the disciples of Thespis, in their conversations, when they desire to be particularly facetious and shine before strangers. It is also thought not unworthy the attention of certain humorous Novelists: as Mr. Theodore Hook, in his "Sayings and Doings" can fruitify unto us:—"Come, are you for a *stroll*?" said Skinner, unwittingly, to the *strollers*: you'll find a pleasant walk in the rookery—that is, if you don't dislike the noise." "What noise, sir?" said Mrs. Fugglestone,—

"The cause—the cause, my soul!"

as Othello says," cried Fugglestone. "Exactly so," said Skinner, "the *caws*—that is what I meant."

The classical pun is the immemorial heritage of North Country ushers and poor Welsh curates, who, like their prototype, "Parson Adams," possess more learning than money, and more wit than either; and who, each sitting by his kitchen fire, surrounded by his Penates or household gods (two smoked hams and a side of bacon), and his modicum of "childer;" generally "we are seven," and a long serious girl,* by way of corporal, to command them,—apostrophises his tabby as she responds with husky pur and rampant tail, to his caresses: as "*Mi-cat* inter omnes!"

Of the heraldic pun, there are many instances in the "British Peerage" *exempli gratiæ*: thus, the motto of

* "That serious sister."—BARRY CORNWALL'S "*Dramatic Scenes*."

the Cavendish family is "*cavendo tutus*." The Fairfax's family,—"*fare fac*." The Vernons,—"*ver non semper viret*," &c. and many others, which, as our province is more to sing of the "*virum*" than the "*arma*," we shall not stay to enumerate; but shall proceed to the imaginary pun, which is simply one of the wickedest *morceaux* of wit that ever entered the mischievous brain of a schoolboy; or the most scientific graduate of teasing ever planned. The results proceeding from a personal intimacy of a sow and her young ones with your flower-beds would be perfectly innocuous compared to what would follow the introduction of one of these in a mixed company! For it is exactly calculated to set folks by the ears, and cause present realizations of Haynes Bailey's "*We met 'twas in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me!*" besides duels, horse-whippings, separations, Doctors' Commons, breaches of promise, and law of libel *in futuro*!

And, indeed, were it ever to come an article of general consumption, *lead* would advance enormously in price:* and, consequently, an eye would be had by speculators to the heads of certain critics, or the *tales* of certain authors, by way of substitution. Horsewhips would become luxuries too great for any but the hands

* Meaning of course in *cost*, not in the person of any one of the name of Price, as some malicious punster may construe my words. I am induced to make this explanation, fearful lest I might be accused of the crime of punning, a vice for which I entertain, as my readers must be aware, the most JOHNSONIAN abhorrence; and never commit it, *except* for holding it up to the detestation of young persons, as the Lacedemonians did their inebriated slaves of old.

and backs of the nobility,—and a briefless barrister would be a matter of antiquarian conjecture.

But, for the peace of mankind, a display of it is seldom hazarded, except by amateurs, and they, like their brother faculty, always try their experiments on *subjects* inferior to themselves in rank and intellect; and who are not particularly skilled in the use of that weapon which the sons of men call a “crabstick.”

The secret of it consists in wilfully misconstruing a man’s speech, and understanding the very opposite to what he intended to express; and, in the end, making him (perhaps some warm-coated guiltless being!) a punster in spite of himself.

For the gratification of the curious in these matters, we will give a specimen, which is after this wise:—suppose a meeting is convened for considering the ways and means of the ‘Parish;’ and the official (Churchwarden, or Overseer, it matters not which) in giving an account of his stewardship, omit to be explicit on some pecuniary transaction connected with it: the punster then has his cue, and addresses him after this fashion—“But, my good sir, you hav’nt told us what you did with the money you received from what’s-his-name’s concern!” The victim, hurt at being suspected, will most probably reply in a banter: “You hav’nt, I ’spose, seen the nice new foot-path that leads to the east entrance of the church by *they* tombstones?” and then triumphantly adds: “what d’ye think I did with it? why I made *a way* with it to be sure!” “Made *away* with it!” repliest he wicked rogue, in affected dud-

geon, "made *away* with it!—well that's too bad!—but you must refund, sir,—but you must refund:" and he casts a severe look at the astonished functionary, who for ever afterwards, *malgré* the explanation that ensues, is regarded as a second edition of Fauntleroy in black smalls and drab continuations!

The origin of punning is very ancient. Some authors trace its perpetration to the first man Adam; others, like certain Welsh Genealogists, go still further, and contend that *puns*, as well as *heads*, were *cracked* long before the nativity of the world. With the latter Milton appears to agree; else he would not have placed the following *crackers* (none of the best by the bye) in the mouth of his Gentleman in Black, as he chuckles over the sensation his cannon has made on the ranks of St. Michael and his Angels:—

"—— And when we
 " To entertain them fair with *open front*,
 " And breast, (what could we more?) *propounded terms*
 " Of *composition*—strait they chang'd their minds,
 " Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 " As they would dance: "—

And, again:—

"——— but I suppose,
 " If our proposals once again were *heard*,
 " We should compel them to a *quick result*.
 " To whom, thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
 " Leader! the terms we sent, were terms of *weight*,
 " Of *hard contents*, and *full of force*, urg'd home."
 " *Paradise Lost.*"

Be its origin, however, as it may : if not popular from the beginning, its properties were evidently well known and cultivated among the Jews ; as, in corroboration, we find that our Saviour, who was always willing, as far as possible, to concede to the national prejudices—when he wished particularly to mark his appreciation of Peter's fidelity and faith, makes use of one of these tropes of speech, and applies that memorable conundrum which has been handed down as the title deeds of St. Peter's patrimony on earth *cum* heaven to this day : “ Tu es Petronus,” &c.

Among the Greeks and Romans, too, it was extremely fashionable ; and was much in request, and, indeed altogether “ in usum serenissimi Delphi,” and other oracles, as many a royal blockhead of those days, were he still alive, could attest. But its primary approach to any thing like maturity was in the reign of Augustus, when the wits of that age, Horace, Virgil, Mæcenas, (“ with whom,” as our cousin of “ Lincoln's Inn, has it, was Cicero,) first began to weave the “ humour of its forty fancies,” and wear it jauntily with their bay-leaves :—videlicet, Flaccus's “ *hunc Regem Jugulas*,” &c.

Since their time, *malgré*, many attempts of Goths, Visigoths, and Vandals, to extinguish it, it has been gradually progressing :—now, receiving a friendly kick onwards from certain Monks and Friars, as they scrawled such epitaphs as that on Rosamunda, the fair.—“ non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet !”—and now, materially propelled by the exertions of those Friar Bacons and Dr. Faustuses, the Astrologers viâ

their predictions, (vide Shakespeare) until it became regularly engrafted on the stem of our language by those hot-house cultivators of *double entendre*, Messrs. Rochester, Sedley, Grammont, Withers, and Co., in the reign of that *chaste* Joseph Andrews, Charles the Second, of blessed and laughter-loving memory.

Subsequent to his time, it has swelled like the black dog in Goethe's "Faust;"* and like that cur, it has burst and impregnated all ranks with its baneful properties. For, at this present epoch, every one perpetrates, from the 'Gold stick' in *waiting*, to that *lead*en stick, the author, who is always *leave*-ing.

Its queer no meanings grow as plentiful as black-berries" on the wig of the judge, and are ever and anon, as he sits on the bench, squeezed out "on compulsion," with his sentences from his sage mouth. It lurks, in the shape of a scriptural quotation, in the black covered sermon book of the divine; and mingles kindly with the *grains* and *scruples* of the doctor. Furthermore, it makes jokes on our entrance into the world, and oftentimes sheds its parting gleams of wit on our exit—for it frequently causeth the featherbed, as well as the "scaffold to re-echo with the jest!"

Indeed, it has become quite a nuisance;† and, so frequent now are the attempts at *pun raising* in the "Court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart," that if the legislature do not interfere, by bringing in a

* Mephistophiles first appears to Faustus as a black dog. Vide Goethe's Play.

† Query—new sense?—*Printer's Devil*.

bill for the 'better preservation of common phrases,' the English language will be so twisted and tortured by forcings and double meanings, that, after a bit, it will have *no meaning* at all! Its demoralizing effects on the minds of the common people are too obvious to need much comment. Already they have learned to poize the well turned saying. Already they talk, with Tommy Moore, of "warming wit's stream." Dr. Johnson said that he who would perpetrate puns would not sneeze to lighten pockets; but the thing is altered: those who formerly picked pockets, *now* are *contented* to concoct double meanings.

This state of things is really quite alarming! As long as punning reserved to itself the Inns of Court, the Universities, and the Houses of Parliament, it might have been tolerated. But now, alas! "Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra!" We are become a nation of Punsters!—and, verily, the spirit of equivocation has descended on the multitude, and already enrolled itself as a member (an acting one!) of the Trades' Unions.

Thus, if you confer with your carpenter about the conception of a bedstead, he meets you from his *boarding-house* full of "wise *saws*;" and when you ask him *plainly* what will "be the probable charge for his job:" he, without being the least abashed, or having the fear of his ears being *boxed* for impertinence, *nails* you with, as you are "an old customer, he shan't *stick* for a trifle—he dare say you will *deal*." And after all this palaver, (as is most likely) should you deem his demand

exorbitant, ten to one, but what he, in the spirit of his calling, and this prevailing mania, “*axes* your pardon, he *wood* not offend you for the world.” Again, if your hair require clipping, you are certain to find the Figaro equally imbrued with this incorrigible propensity for *burking* noun substantives; for, as Horace says, “*omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus esse.*” Immediately as you enter his shaving shop, he, with his hereditary snap of the fingers, recommends himself to *your acquaintance* by the strange intimation “that he will *cut you directly!*”

Even the tailor, too! ninth part of a man though he be, finds an opportunity, while measuring you for a pair of *à la modes*, for *investing* his capital of wit in the notorious *fun*s aforesaid. Yes, he, the *Goose!* without more ado, enters the *lists* of *double entendre*, confidently insinuating that he has “no doubt he’ll *suit* you.”

Besides these examples, it has positively mounted as an outside passenger on the stage coaches; and the guards, themselves, have “*foenum in cornu.*” “They are devils in *garnet!*” (meaning incarnate) ejaculated an old lady, more remarkable for the severity of her virtue than the purity of her orthography, apostrophising, the other day, some “frail sisters,” as she jolted in the basket of one these vehicles aforesaid. “Then they must be *precious uns!*” leered the dragsman, utterly regardless, as Macbeth says, of the “deep damnation of *his taking off.*”

But, perhaps, after all, the most unpardonable exhibition of this unhappy propensity is at a modern din-

ner table; where letters of mart and reprisal are daily taken out against gravity and good sense without the least compunction. For it is a miracle, if you sit down to the '*plated goods*' without some such small talk as the following:—A lisping fop, in answer to whether he will be helped to some "*omelette moëlleuse* (marrow omelet), indubitably replies, with a simper, "as he is not *married* he will take a little '*winsome marrow!*'"

Again, an old gentleman, the moral of the "*male-cat-ape*" in Faust, in answer to a similar offer of politeness with regard to '*plum-pudding*,' without fail, responds (his mouth full of half unmasticated pastry), "no, I'm much obliged to you, I am already too *pie*-ously engaged."

A thousand instances of this punning *punishment* transpire in a "feed" of this nature; and the affair generally terminates by a *trio* of inveterate '*Diners out*' making the inquiry among themselves at whose house next "they three shall *meat* again?"

BYRON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

In delineating the character of this remarkable and unhappy man, perhaps none who have undertaken the task of writing his memoir, (and their name is legion,) have given a just, unbiassed estimate ; prejudice and exaggeration, romance and common place, being the "*infames scopulos*," on which all his biographers have wrecked themselves. Add to this, that *one*, in his account, damns with faint censure, or overlooks altogether his vices, on the score of their being the gay, wild, chartered eccentricities of the talented and the gifted ; while another makes his readers cry bitterly, by constantly instigating the moral bird to crow, when the calumniated "*Childe*" meant any thing but denying religion, or virtue thrice ; notwithstanding, that each, in the beginning of his undertaking, declared that he would

" ——— nothing extenuate,
Or set down ought in malice."

Again, Mr. Moore, in his "*Notices*," is too prone to tint his actions with the brilliant ideal colouring of

a hero of romance; for with him he is never George Gordon Noel Byron, but alternately, as the subject requires it, "Medora's Corsair"—"Lara"—"Manfred"—"Don Juan"—and sometimes a chaos of all.

Galt, on the other hand, falls into the opposite extreme, and wilfully forgetting that "his forehead was high and pale," and that he was one of those who possessed more

"—— than marks the crowd of common men,"

essays to bring down the princely ether fowl to the level of the domestic house sparrow.—"Arcades ambo!" The former uses Byron's life as a child does a fiery stick, i. e. to extract some beautiful sparks; and has no scruples of conscience, when he has beat the fire away, to heat it again at the flame of his own imagination. But the latter takes the lighted brand and quenches all its fire, without the least compunction, in the kettle, which simmers over the kitchen grate with his sheep's *haggis*!*

* The above epigrammatic criticism on the historians of the poet among lords, and the lord among poets, appeared in the columns of a periodical, at the time when the sayings and doings, and "more last words," of the baronial bard were, through the "Notices" of Messrs. Moore, Galt, Dallas, Hunt, &c. like false teeth, in the mouths of all.—And though the lively interest excited by the enthusiastic life, poems, and death of this extraordinary and high-minded nobleman, has of late somewhat decreased; yet, notwithstanding, any thing connected in the minutest degree with his memorable "situate and being," (as the newspapers write it,) cannot, I should think, be received with indifference—even if as brief as the matter in the text.

“ NAMES.”

A RHAPSODY IN TWO FYTTES.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

“ What’s in a name ? ”—Juliet must have been very ignorant of the chicanery of this world of ours or her pretty pouting mouth would not have uttered this silly exclamation ; for we, of every day life, who eat, drink, and have no sentimental attachments, know (perhaps to our detriment,) that every thing is in that prototypeless breath—that “ vox et preterea nihil,” which men call a name ; and, moreover, that man’s whole being is connected with nomenclature, even to satiety ; just as the Frenchman of Blackwoodean immortalization, found every thing in England, “ box.” *

Thus, no sooner is a child born, than all his nominal miseries begin. For immediately on notification of the event half a dozen old maiden aunts arrive,

* The “ Boxes,” a very piquant article which appeared some time since in Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine.

en masse, from half a dozen parts of the kingdom, convoked to a back parlour *congé d'elire*, for the better consideration of inventing an appellation for the only son and heir of Blank Blank, Esq, of Blank, in the county of Blank ; and after a proluxious debate, in which the poor infant is frightened into hysterics by the ungrateful physiognomies of these *ci devant* women ; and in which, the nomenclology of all the family, from the conqueror downwards, has been mouthed, to the utter neglect of pronunciation and punctuation ; and each particular *nomen*, proed and conned, for its euphony, or the renown of its pristine bearer, they finally vocative the "little stranger," by some barbarous and pronounceless cognomen.

When the boy can just lisp his infantine understanding is destroyed by the truly devout papa constantly popping the catechetical query, "What is your name?" which, when after much toil and trouble, not to mention sundry insinuating whippings and manual palpitations, he has managed to reply to, incontinently, with all his imperfections on his head, he is transported to a public school—that multum in parvo, where,

" — in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear."

There, on his first entrance, he is beset by that corridor faction, the school-boys, who in confabulations of twenty, and in no gentle voice, demand, "What is your name?"—"answer every man directly"—"ay, and briefly"—"ay, and wisely"—"ay, and truly, you

were best.”* When the poor trembling victim hath disclosed his denomination, he hath still another ordeal to endure—that is the *sobriquet*, or nick-name, which, like certain Irish bogs, adhere to its owner for life.

Then the calling over of the roll of names, morning and evening, and the “condign” infliction on the unlucky wight who does not vociferate the customary “adsum!” of ubiquity. Now, when he is liberated from discipline and trammels of an *academus*, has he any thing more to do with nomenclature?—To be sure he has!—for, on coming of age, he must needs do the civil, and leave his name at the houses of all his governor’s quiz acquaintance: also must endure the agony of being ycleped by these aforesaid quizzes, “young what’s his name!” and must finally dine with one and all of them, and imbibe execrable turtle soup, and champagne of sham pretensions.

In time, having obtained the cognomen of a “genteel young man,” he falls in love.—Here again, the influence of nomenclature; for the damsel with blue eyes and sunny locks jilts him for Cornet Vernon Horace, of the guards; because the appellation of the martialist is more consonant than his.

This disappointment, of course, makes him melancholy, and he looks at the moon, and sings “Oh, no, we never mention her!” and entertains violent thoughts of changing his inauspicious nomen. But care killed a cat, says the Archaism; so he solaces himself with

* Julius Cæsar.

the pleasures of the town—goes to Crockford's—takes up a paper, when, “horribile dictu!” the following meets his eye—“What’s in a name”—“A poor cottager of Ragland, in Monmouthshire, lately christened his child, by the euphonious appellation of Rosa Matilda” * —down goes the journal, and out rushes the name-haunted!

Passing by Drury Lane, he sees a stream of humanity entering the pit door. He pays his significant and follows the current—but as he stumbles into the theatre, a voice on the stage proclaims “My name is Norval,” &c.—it is enough, and, in a trice, he hath cleared the door! Notwithstanding this, however, he determines to perilize once more—therefore, we must fancy him snugly ensconced in the gallery of the House of Commons, and listening to the celebrated Whig Nestor, who (declaiming upon the merits of the Reform Bill,) † ultimately speaks thus :— * * * * and there is no doubt but the bill will finally pass; for we have the sovereign on our side, and the “King’s *name* is a tower of strength, which they of the adverse faction want!”—It is needless to say, that he again takes up his sky scraper and evades.

Well, what becomes of him afterwards? Why, sir, perceiving that every thing now-a-days is nominal, he chimes in with the prevailing taste, and writes a book. But a certain personage, thinking that one of the

* Fact!

† When this article was first published the Reform Bill was in agitative discussion.

“dramatis personæ” was designed for him, sends him a note, politely inviting him to Hyde Park, or Chalk Farm, to have his throat cut, or a ball put cleanly through his double-breasted waistcoat, at four o'clock in the morning. In this emergency he applies to a *friend*, who, gravely stroking his mustachios, tells him he must accept it, else it will be a stigma upon his name! So he goes and remains on the field, a fatal and ensanguined example of the influence of names on society.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

“What’s in a name?”—All, every thing! Pensions are bestowed on *names*; books are dedicated and sold by *names*; credit is given to names; and mansions and statues are erected to names. Cinna, the poet, lost his life by his name—Cæsar and Alexander conquered the world with theirs. Names generally hold the noblest and basest offices of a kingdom; for they are indiscriminately kings, generals, pick-pockets, beggars, and authors. What is the reform bill—what is liberty but a name?—What are most of the new novels but the same?—Yet great and predominant is the influence of nominals. For one half of our *petits matîres* would eschew impertinence, and eat, drink, dress, speak, and walk like human beings, if it were not for names being

what they are. While nine tenths of the argillaceous race would refuse roast beef and plum pudding, if a bad name were conferred upon those truly nutritious cates !

Then their effect on the sympathies of mankind ! Whose breast (it may be a weakness,) beats not with extacy, at the mention of merry England's ancient chivalry—the Percies and Douglasses—those puissant names of lordliness, which excused bloodshed, and made ambition *almost* virtue ? Whose breast, too, heaves not a sigh, to see one like the late Cardinal de York—the last of a mighty name—a name which had monopolized for centuries the brave, the beautiful, the every thing that the world is apt to idolize, dying in out-lawry on a foreign shore ?

And who has not loved *one dear name*, let it be ever so humble, better than any other, and made a shrine for it in his memory's heart, and there daily and nightly offered the tribute of a sigh—of a tear—to *this*, the nominal goddess of his idolatry !

Again, how useful is nomenclature to the novelist in composing !—For when his hero is hard pressed by the sword, or infernal machine of his villain, and he has no mortal means of rescuing him, except he has recourse to *diablerie*, which, in the present matter of fact age, out of prudential regard for the future sale of his works, he is adverse to—he has only to introduce a third character, and make him whisper in the auricle of the villain, a cabalistical name—as it is technically called—the weapon drops from the hand of the enemy

and the hero of the place is thus orthodoxly preserved.

And, *apropos des romans*, no author has been more inimitably felicitous in the selection of his characters' designations than the luminary of Abbotsford; for from "Fergus Mac Ivor," down to "Guse Gibbie," each is an echo to the sense and natural accomplishments, or defects of its owner, which there is no mistaking.

No one, too, has given a finer idea of the uncompromising influence of names than the grandiloquent author of the "Rambler," who, speaking of a certain potentate, says—"he left a name at which the world grew pale, &c.!"—Now, *malgre* sweet Juliet, there must be something very marvellous in a name to pallidize the world; as Mother Tellus is generally allowed to be of a *brunette* complexion;—and as for her being physically a coward—it is quite out of the question—or the old lady would not have been enabled to brave, for so many thousand years, the lurid thunder storms—the fell hurricanes, and the crash of elements—to say nothing of the many kicks and digs she is daily in the reception of, from the million fools who walk over her green apron!

Surely, then, the silver swan of Avon's streamlet, only meant the question of Juliet's, as the theoretical philosophy of a love-sick girl of fifteen, and not to be used as a general aphorism, as it now is. For, of a surety, there is something in a name! Else why do the soldier—the patriot—the poet—wander far from

their "carentes uxores" and little ones ; and relinquish their share of the pleasures of life, and give themselves up to incessant toil ; provoking perils and the world's censure :—if not to obtain a *name* in their country's annals, and to be immortalized in their

" ————— line,
With their land's language !" .

And, indeed, lives there the being who would not fire the Ephesian fane of his luxury and ease, to have his name handed down to posterity as the brave—the good—the gifted !

Let America—vulgar, romanceless, and un-annalled as she is—vaunt her equality of names and stations—but let the land of the pale rocks—as long as she can boast of her proud and glorious national repository of heroes and poets—let her contend that there is some thing—*even in a name !*

THE BEST HEART IN THE WORLD.

A SKETCH OF THE NEW POOR LAWS.

“—— put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the East to the West. ”

Othello.

Few come into this world as they would wish to come. Some make their entrance with a club-foot, and tramp all their lives on a peg; some with a hump-back, and are immediately, like *Charles Grant*, and *Henry Brougham*, elevated by their companions to the peerage and called “My Lord!”—and some hunt this life in couples: videlicet, the Siamese Brothers;—while some begin their first childhood as Milton did his second, i.e. “sightless, wanting their visual ray;” and for the rest of their days stand in market places, and upon bridges, crying to those who won’t hear them, (for people are very deaf on those occasions!) to “pity the stone blind, deprived o’ their blessed *hysight*!”

Arthur —, the hero of this sketch, was saddled with none of these embarrassments ; a *worse* infliction marked his *entrée*, for he dashed into existence the unenviable possessor of the *best heart in the world!* which every one of sense must admit is the most grievous dispensation entailed on mortal flesh,—except, indeed, its victim has some £10,000 per annum to neutralize its baneful effects,—and even then the aforementioned £10,000 per annum is better without such an incumbrance. Reader! pray that a son of yours may never be so awfully visited. *Dii avertite omen!*

The symptomatic signs of this alarming malady—(which, thank heaven! is but of rare occurrence, and which, when it does happen, is seldom known to attack *Prime Ministers, Commissioners, Overseers*, and other public functionaries ; but, on the contrary, reserves its “virus” for the young and very foolish,)—are generally a melting eye,—a frequent inclination to stand aside and weep,—an unnatural desire to cross the palms of beggars, and such like, with five shilling pieces, and other current coin of the realm, &c. &c., and in all stages of the disorder the unhappy sufferer has a great determination of the hand to the pocket. The termination of this disease, or vice, for it may be designated either, is generally fatal ; and those who continue any length of time to give way to its criminal indulgencies will ultimately find themselves inmates of one of those pauper dungeons, now, *somewhat curiously*, called “Unions.”

Arthur’s first exhibition of this vicious propensity was in his nurse’s arms, when he allowed her to munch

his sweetmeats without giving vent to a murmur. At five, he had, with the greatest impartiality, distributed his playthings among the children of the neighbouring labourers. At eight, he gave his dinner to comfort a man who had been engaged in an *affair of honour* with a horse pond, for pillaging a hen roost. At ten, he was the recognized almoner of all the paupers in the vicinity.

At such doings, his father, who was a man of the world, was excessively angry, and oftentimes prophesied his son would be hanged; but, notwithstanding his predictions, the population of the surrounding cottages still persisted, as ignorant people will persist, that "Master Arthur had the *best heart* in the world!"

A public school, which in many instances of this troublesome disorder, has proved the most efficacious remedy, was duly applied; but the application had no effect on our hero, who continued to exhibit, without the smallest mitigation of viciousness, the most alarming symptoms. He did "exercises" for half the rebels of the establishment; stood shot for the *panes* and penalties of windows he never broke, and books he never tore; and once, and not *once only*, went the very *unpardonable* length of begging the second master, who also exercised the *non* sinecure office of Regius Professor of Birch, to let him suffer "*condign*," instead of the acknowledged culprit, because the said culprit, to use his own words, "was so very small!" The disciplinarian, struck with the unusual audacity of his demand, officially acquiesced; and in so doing, threw out strong hints that he considered him no better than an idiot. His schoolfellows,

however, in his justification, though they allowed he might be a *little cracked*, or so, declared he had "*the best heart in the world!*"

This account of his scholarship gave his father much uneasiness, and would probably have given him more, had he not cherished the false idea, that as he grew older he would mend; but when he saw his son arrive at years of discretion, without his being distinguished by any manly feats of duelling, seduction, and other achievements in "*usum studiosæ juventutis*" of the present age, he took to his bed, and died a broken-hearted man,

Our hero, now left to his own sole guidance and disposal, daily increased in wickedness, and grew worse and worse,—went bond for bankrupts,—lent various sums of money to men who had no ostensible means of ever repaying it,—gave unremittingly clothes, food, and pecuniary assistance to all who were distressed,—and so great was his characteristic infatuation, that he was once caught in the *very act* of transferring his own coat to the shoulders of an Irish beggar woman, with three small children, and a sick husband,

After this *disgraceful proceeding*, his real friends of course cut him; and his uncle, a very worthy old gentleman, was so enraged, that he immediately made a new will, and nominated as his heir a distant relation, a young man of *great promise*, who although hardly twenty, had already nobly signalized himself in the "*humanities*" by seducing two very pretty girls,—and one under promise of marriage.

It will possibly not be believed, but such is the depravity of human nature, that there were not wanting those—to be sure, they consisted mostly of individuals whom he had lent money to, or otherwise assisted—who still upheld him in his turpitude, and were not ashamed openly to declare, that he possessed the “*best heart in the world!*”

The prosperity of guilt is proverbially of short duration,—and about this time, on winding up his accounts, our hero found himself comparatively ruined. In this dilemma, not at all abashed, he proceeded to invoke the assistance of those who had been his associates in his unrighteousness; in other words, who had borrowed his five pound notes, and drunk his cherry brandy. But to do them all justice, they *now*, with one accord, drew back, and refused to hold communion with a reprobate so thoroughly vitiated; while, when he called on others, either from their front doors being locked, and the key by some unseen calamity not to be found; or that the indwellers had run down for a month or six weeks to the sea side, he never could obtain admittance.

This meritorious conduct of his former friends, it is said, cut him to the heart, and he had the weakness to talk of ingratitude,—*ingratitude* indeed! as if any faith were to be kept with a wretch who had given away the coat from his back, and set at defiance all the rules of *civilized society!*

* * * * *

It was some years afterwards, when one December evening, as the snow shower fell thick, and the cold winds blew bitterly, that in the streets of the metropolis, a beggar, *very audaciously*, having no home, or settled place of abode, was seen to block up the pavement by standing shivering unseemly in the sleet. He had stood for some time in this way, offending the *moral* pedestrians, and *still more moral* charioteers, who, instead of standing still, *religiously* rode in their carriages, when a police man very properly ordered him to move on ; he did a few steps, and then had the inconceivable villany to fall down exhausted, and thereby *very nearly* splashed the nether garments of Lord John R——'s butler, as he was entering the splendid establishment of Messrs. —— & —, Silversmiths, to expedite the completion of his noble master's order for a new service of richly embossed plate.

The indignation of the passers by, as might have been expected, was excited, and the atrocious miscreant was directly given in charge to the police, and subsequently taken to Marlborough Street. The sitting Magistrate before whom he was brought, happened however, to be a *weak* man, and *not at all* read in the new doctrines of *pauper economics* ; for upon hearing the statement of the case, he insisted that the overseers should admit the prisoner to the run of the workhouse. But the highly respectable functionaries in question were not to be trifled with ; although, to humour the "beak," they allowed the fellow to enter the pauper sanctuary, but it was only to turn him out five minutes

afterwards at a back door, in obedience to their "written instructions."*

Thus, *deservedly*, and *according to Act of Parliament*,† for two days and two nights did this wretched being creep up and down the streets and thoroughfares, without tasting a morsel of food, save the filthy garbage which, in co-partnership with the dogs, he managed to pick up from the adjacent sewers,—though everywhere his red and wolfish eye was wronged with the sight of heaps of provisions lying useless in the windows of the many shops and eating-houses,—till at last, abused nature gave up the ghost, and he finished his *criminal* career of poverty, by feloniously allowing his breath to depart on the steps of Mr. Commissioner ——'s house, just as that gentleman was in the act of uncorking his *third bottle* of chateau margaux, "neat as imported." Yes, the *best heart in the world*, for it was Arthur ——, met a due reward for his iniquities, and died of want in the streets of London!

* The circulars, or "written instructions," of the Commissioners transmitted by those *benevolent* gentlemen, to the respective and *respectable* "Guardians," throughout the queendom, as *vade mecums* for their future conduct; and to prevent them from evincing any exhibitions of *unseemly weakness*, &c., in the discharge of their official duties,

† The *meritorious* New Poor Bill.

MRS. WATKINS'S PARTY.

"Avaunt! inexplicable guest! Avaunt!

Intrusive presence ———."

Wordsworth's "*Dion.*"

Reader! 'an' you would not be canonized as a martyr, and regularly *Monsieur Tonsoned* by the whole humanity for the space of twelve calendar months, inclusive of Sundays;—never go to a provincial party, except you are, as Hamlet says, "a native, and to the manner born" where the catastrophe occurs:—for take my word, (I speak from experience,) it is the gathering *twanky* place, and universal *queen-cake* focus, of all the *counter* attractions, male and female in-dwelling round about; not to mention, that at such an *extravaganza*, *volunteering* their respective parts of "*Mons. Marquis*," and "*Billy Bluster*," are to be met every *transported* refugee, and erratic black-guard, there for a time sojourning; who, perchance through their inability to settle their *shots*, have *shot off* in a tangent from their own spheres.

Therefore, knowing the consequences which will inevitably await on such an indiscretion; let not the usual representations of a friend,—“fine girls”—



Mr. Watkins' Party.

London Joseph Thomas, 41 Fench Lane April 3 1852

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works. This list is organized in a table format with columns for the author's name, the title of the work, and the year of publication.

"plenty of wine"—&c., tempt you to perilize, at least without first taking out a writ of "*ne injuste vexes*," as a precautionary measure against the after violent, civility assaults of those you may chance to meet there.

The above advice is the off-pairings resulting from experience, as you will hear.—Being once staying with an old college chum, in the provincial and *exceedingly quiescent* town of —; it so happened, that during my visit, a Mrs. Watkins, (whose soul God assoilize!) had the extreme temerity to let her wits and her house out (for one evening *only*,) as show rooms for the display of her neighbours' white satin slips, kid gloves, and subsequent ridicule:—in country patois, she gave a dance. And, among others, my friend received one of her semi-square notices of invitation, requesting, in the approved terms of asking, "the pleasure (pleasure indeed) of his, and his friend's company," (meaning mine.)

At first, calling to mind, two or three *not* very flattering descriptions of such "*party doings*," which I had read, when "juvenile and curly," in Hook's novels, I determined to decline going; but, at the instigation of my friend, in an evil hour, I was induced to accompany him, and went. The party, overcharged and vulgar in the extreme, exhibited, like most other parties, that is in the country,—a great superfluity of *bustle*, whispering and loud laughter on the part of the *quasi* ladies; and a great scarcity of chairs and coffee for the *parts* of the *quasi* gentlemen; together with the amusing

contretens of the man engaged for the night, (from the neighbouring barber's,) to hand about the "refreshments," (for so they glorify at such displays, their sugar and water—half and half negus, and their currants and dirt—half and half cake.)

But not to anticipate. On entering my cloak was received at the bottom of the stairs by the maid in waiting, and myself at the top by the mistress; who, in a yellow turban, crowded to the echo with artificial clover, wrung my hand over and over again, protesting all the while the pleasure it gave her to see me, and then passed me, like a bad half-crown, to undergo the same process at the hands of her three daughters and their brother Tom; the last-mentioned personage being six feet in height, with interest, and a Punchinello nose.*

Well, I subsequently, in my own defence, danced, "took steps," as the six and eight-penny people say, with two-thirds of the young ladies up stairs; and lost my money, and the equanimity of my temper, with two-thirds of the old ones down. This, together with swallowing a decoction yclept "made wine," between the "heats," whiled away the time until the rare entrance of the "trays," and the frequent yawning of the waiters, warned the company to scramble that finishing scuffle, "Sir Roger de Coverley," and depart.

* For further particulars concerning this sort of fulcrum, vide the description of the nasal organs of Bardolph, Sancho's brother Squire, and the Stranger, in *Tristram Shandy*. Proby, too, has described this species of "nasus" very faithfully, when he says, "I have a nose."

Thus ended the affair, but not its consequences,—at least to me,—and as I drew on my cloak, I heard our hostess, from the landing, exclaim,—“ Mary, is the *Musicianers* gone?” “ *Iss mum,*” replied the hand-maid. Then *dout them* lights in the dancin’ room.”

Truly has it been said, that we tread on concealed fires,* and that mishap is always ready to “burst,” as poor Keats has it, “joy’s grape against his palate fine!” for the next morning, as I walked out, little dreaming what was in store for me, to “exorcise” the rising spirits which I had imbibed the night before, look which way I would, I was every where greeted as if I had been my Lord Mayor, or some such Tom Fool, with “nods, becks, and wreathed smiles,” by those who passed. “Devilish free, however,” thought I, but they must evidently have met me somewhere, perhaps last night, at “*Mrs. Watkins’s Party* ;” so, walking on, I comforted myself that it would not happen again. But never was man more mistaken ; for each time I ventured out, I was so bowed at, and my hand shaken by those who had, as they expressed it, “the honour of making my acquaintance, the other evening, at *Mrs. Watkins’s Party*,” that I was in a fair way of being shaken to death, and a verdict returned, “died by the visitation of *too much civility*, administered by persons unknown !” And to such a pitch was this carried, and so great was the determination of recognition to

* “*Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*”

HORACE.

my unfortunate self; that if I chanced to look at a shop window, there was sure to be a *male thing* bowing to me behind the counter, who, of course, grounded his intimacy on the strength of having met me at *Mrs. Watkins's Party*; or if I happened to turn my eyes towards a house, again there was sure to be a *female thing* in the attic, shaking her curls at me, who doubtless, also, had danced "that sweet cottage dance" with me at *Mrs. Watkins's Party*! While, if I entered a fruiterer's, or confectioner's, the owners constantly recommended their wares to my attention by telling me, that "they were just the same as those which Mrs. Watkins had of them for her party."

Nor did my strange, unheard-of notoriety, associated as it always was with the name of "Watkins," end here:—would that it had!—on the contrary, it was continually rising, like a spectre in my path, and haunted me everywhere, even in the penetralia of my friends parlour: for, on one occasion, admiring a pair of elegant cut decanters, and remarking that I thought "I had seen some like them some where." "Oh! very likely," replied my friend's wife, with a quiet smile; "for I lent them to Mrs. Watkins, for her party."—!

But this eternal *now* of that omnipresent party was to be borne no longer; already it preyed upon my spirits, and, at times, chairs, tables, and all, seemed to bend to me, as if they *too* had seen me at *Mrs. Watkins's Party*; while, of a night, the most horrid and ghastly phantoms approached me in my sleep, and seizing my hand in their skinny fists murmured, as the

worms fell from them : *—"knows't thou not us ? we met thee at *Mrs. Watkins's Party !*"

There was no bearing this ; so at last, bidding adieu to my friend and his amiable wife, I took my place on the "Champion" coach, for London, hoping to dissipate the sickly fancies that enveloped me, by change of scene. But, as ill luck would have it, near Northleach we were overtaken by a violent storm of hail, and I was fain to seek shelter in the inside : on entering, I stumbled over the legs of a fat old lady, surrounded by a detachment of bundles and baskets, to whom, of course, I tendered the customary apologies :—but what was my alarm, I may say horror, when the incarnation in question, hailed me by my name,—not as "the bride of another," videlicet "Haynes Bayley,"—but as one, with whom she had the "honour of playing whist at *Mrs. Watkins's Party !*" "The devil take Mrs. Watkins's Party !" muttered I ; and the next moment, it is needless to say, I had resumed my old place on the "box," with Coachee, leaving her of the interior to wonder "what had scared me away :"—

"Dost fear? dost fear, the moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?"——

Every thing mortal has its end,—its *goal*,—and

* "The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out."
The Monk.

And Constance says in King John, invoking "amiable lovely death :"—"And ring these fingers with thy household worms."

coaches have theirs, so at last I was put down at the "Bolt in Tun," Fleet Street. But I had scarcely domiciled myself in the coffee room ten minutes, before I observed the waiter regarding me very attentively, and this every time he entered the room. What could it mean? Surely, he did not mistake me for some enterprising Dando, who had lately done business with their house, according to the Pistolian creed, of "base is the slave who pays!" But he soon put me right on that score, by coming up with a simper and a glass cloth, and "I beg pardon, sir; hope no offence; but isn't your name B——?" I assented: "ah! I thought I knew your face, sir;" continued he of the glass cloth: "you were at *Mrs. Watkins's Party*, of H——, one evening, when I waited there."—Thunder and lightening! Had the ghosts of all the bullocks, of whose flesh from my youth upwards I had tasted of, confronted me in horned array, I could not have felt more horrified and astonished.—What? and had the rumour of that accursed "at home," travelled astride upon a broomstick, all the way from H—— up here? and was I never to be freed from its persecution?—the thought was madness,—I could have knocked the wretch down; but I did a much wiser thing, I ordered my luggage to another inn, thinking thereby, to avoid any further annoyance; but, there I reckoned without my host; for the next day, as I was sauntering in St. James's Park, near the site of Carlton Palace,—thinking of Sheridan, the Prince, and all those who once sunned its walls,*—

* I never view the "hic jacet," of Carlton Palace, and think

I was clapped on the back from behind, and the next moment my hand was seized by an impudent, oily-faced, biped, in a green coat, and top-boots,—“how d’ye do old boy?” I coolly withdrew my hand, and suggested there must be some mistake: “not in the least,” cried the brute; “I know you very well; I had the honour of taking wine with you at *Mrs. Watkins’s Party!*”

It would be in vain to enumerate all the repeated sublimations of this sort which I subsequently underwent. One, however, as it was more humiliating, and temper-trying, than the rest,—seeing that it transpired in a crowd when all eyes were upon me,—I will mention:—

It happened during my stay in town, that among other play-houses, I visited the “Old Bailey,” to see the farces, which, under the name of “trials,” are periodically acted there. Having paid my entrance fee (for money is taken there at the doors, as at other theatres,) I entered the court just at the moment that the prisoner at the bar (who I found afterwards was a clerk, who had embezzled the property of his employer) was calling witnesses to speak to his character.

The culprit in question no sooner saw me, than pointing with his finger he exclaimed: “and that gentleman there,

of its brilliant, but heartless, possessor, without recalling those beautiful lines in “*Ohilde Harold*”—

“Here didst thou dwell,—here schemes of pleasure plan,

* * * * *

But now, as if a thing unblest by man—

Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!”

will speak for me, for he knows me very well!" As the school boy has it :—

"Obstupui, steteruntque comæ!"

and I regarded him, much to the amusement of the spectators, with a look of mingled contempt and horror:—"is hell at work, or dost thou rave?"—"come, you will say a word for the young man, won't you?" here interposed the delinquent's counsel, in the very insinuating tone of those who practise the law: "say a word," re-echoed I; "I never saw him in all my life!" "Oh yes you have," exclaimed the prisoner; "for I was your *vis à vis* with Miss Arabella Jenkins, at *Mrs. Watkins's Party!*"—Regardless of the expostulations of the prisoner and his counsel, and the derision of the crowd,—to seize my hat, and rush from the scene, was the work of an instant, and, as I retraced my steps to my lodgings, I determined to put an end to this unbearable system of annoyance for the future. "And pray, sir, how did you manage that?" "Why, sir, I'll tell you:—in my way homewards, I purchased a heavy twig of crab-tree, and every time I thought I discovered any inclination to be "hail, fellow, well met," I brandished it in a very significant manner, which had the desired effect; for up to this present time I have never been troubled with any *inordinate* symptoms of recognition. But, nevertheless, recalling, as it naturally must, past disquietude, I never hear the name of "Watkins" without a shudder; and I should very much advise *those*,

who look to be remembered in my "will," to take care not to pronounce that nomenclature too often, otherwise their chance of a "post obit" will be *very small*.

THE DRINKING PARTY.

(A SKETCH.)

Look at those men sitting in joyous conviviality around that mahogany table, whose surface shines "*splendidior vitro*." They look so happy, that there is a fear lest their felicity should be too exquisite to last! They appear to infuse Paradise into their hearts with every glass of the "coal black wine" that they quaff. How their eyes dance one to another in sympathy! How lucid their conversation flows; plentifully intermingled, however, with the rocket-like brilliancy of the repartees—the "palpable hits" of the puns—and the merry cachinnation excited by the *bon mots*.

These, surely, give the lie to Solon; for they are happy, though deathless!

Here, methinks, the shade of Solon whispers in my ear—"Mortal! be not too hasty—they will pay me a tribute of justification by and bye!" * * *

* * * * *
Oh! the confusion of languages! Babel's confabula-

tion was only the conversation of a modern *soirée*, compared with this ! And hey, what a crash ! Why, they are exterminating the bottles and wine glasses ! Hollo ! take heed, or that old gentleman in the Brutus wig will upset the side table of porcelain and bijouterie !

Alas ! the precaution was useless ! “ The deed is done—did you not hear a noise ? ”—and he hath cut the ten commandments with marked distinctiveness on his cheeks. “ Sir, don’t take that ! it is the vinegar cruet : ”—he hath swallowed it without the fear of cholera before his eyes !

But, bless our souls ! where are the rest ? There they lie and grovel, extended on the Turkey carpet, crying, bellowing, and disputing, like naughty boys, when the nurse refuses to grant their modest demand for the luminary of the “ stilly night.” “ Oh ! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to——”

Here my soliloquy was cut brief by the entrance of Solon’s sprite, who, with a great deal of malice pre-pense, shouted out—“ These, surely, are happy, though deathless ! ” ha ! ha ! ha !

* * * * *

GENIUS AND AUTHORS.

“ Oh ! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought ;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears ;
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier—an unletter'd state.”

(KIRKE WHITE.)

Nothing exalts and purifies mankind more from the grovellingness of their pursuits, and prepares them in a greater degree for a future immortality, than Genius. Yet, strange as it may seem, no class of men have been more spitefully entreated than the sons of song. For seldom, or ever, have their labours been sufficiently appreciated, or their worth sufficiently acknowledged.

Indeed, on the other hand, they have been uniformly neglected and calumniated, and their lives made unhappy and full of bitters, as the annals and tombstones of every nation too often certify ! But, perhaps, their greatest curse is not to be understood ; for there is an

“esse quam videri” about Genius, which the world cannot, or will not, understand. Even Nature apparently does not understand it, or else she would not so constantly mar and vex it with corporeal deformity.

People are too prone to think that the life of a genius is a calm, contemplative, bright existence,—free from labour—free from anxiety; and that a man so blessed sports over the waters of taste and intellect like a sparkling Ephemeron, and, when sated, retires to the abandonment of a bed of sweets :—

——— “ Whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.”

But, heavens! how are they mistaken! No life is more arduous, and more replete with troubles, than an author's. What the hardest manual labour is to the body, his exertion is to the mind; with this material difference: that he has not the sweet repose, the gay unbending of the soul, which always succeeds the fatigues of the artizan, nor the holidays; for his mind never ceases from its slavery; it has no sabbath; but is ever at a perpetual treadmill, turning a wheel “never ending, still beginning,” till the machinery, exhausted, snaps by dint of very exercise alone. In answer, it may be averred, he has the fame, the “monstrari digito,” the triumphal arch, the “snug lying in the abbey,” to solace his troubles, which the day labourer has not. It is very true; he sometimes has, and sometimes—often—has not;

but what are these when taken into consideration for happiness?

What is fame to the "tranquil mind?" What the triumphal arch to the brow of the lovely wife, curving into gladness at her husband's nightly return from toil? What the tardy monument to the little grave, yearly decked by affection with pure field flowers? And, oh! it is better to be the oracle of a little village circle, than the Delphi of, perchance, an admiring, though always envious and callous, world!

Much, too, has been said of Byron's existence,—that his life was a splendid rocket one,—a continual flood of glory,—a present immortality on earth!* It was so; but was it a happy one? On the contrary, was there not more of the headlong, mountain fall in it, than the calm stream? If we review his brief existence, and take from it its modicum of popularity, there will remain little to envy! Fatherless from his infancy, and it might be said, motherless; as that parent never exhibited much maternal feeling towards him, but often twitted him with his deformity, which circumstance he touchingly refers to in one of his after productions; and, indeed, his whole existence, without enumerating his blighted affections, his conjugal infelicity, and

* The Noble Bard has pretty significantly, in his *Childe Harold*, told at what price he purchased that "glory" and "immortality;" when describing his prototype, or more properly, himself, he says—

"his desire

Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest—

The which, to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest!"

his exile from his "native land," may be summed up in two sentences,—a broken heart and an early tomb!

Again, authors are looked upon as a strange out of the way sort of people, whose occupation is altogether to write and utter smart sayings; and as beings that have only to take up their pen to indite, and lo! a book proceeds troubleless from their quills, like Minerva, ready armed from the ambrosial head of Jove. It is very well; they must endure this too; but, oh! men know not what goes to the composition of a single page, much less a book. How many times the head must ache,—how many vigils by the midnight oil must be kept,—how many times the imagination must be drained,—how many times the mind's cords must be strained, till, like an overtuned lute, they almost burst, ere a literary work is finished: and when finished,—not they, but the bibliopolist, reaps the harvest: their portion is the heartless cutting up of the critics—fellows who deal out judgment by rule and measure; and the dissatisfaction (which has happened before now) of being swindled out of the very credit of their handywork and soul's throes, by an impudent pretender's palming on the public a manuscript craftily prepared with interlineations and blots of the same.*

* Alluding to a certain plagiarist's barefaced attempt thus to defraud Makenzie out of his interest in the copyright of his "*Man of Feeling*,"—for further particulars of which affair, see the life of that celebrated author.

Should it, however, escape the hands of the critic and plagiarist—in a word, should it take,—why its popularity hardly outdures the time that was consumed in correcting it for the press ; particularly if it be of the lighter cast of literature, poetry, and romance. For these, the learned man, who has the reputation of being wise, (but who, in reality, take away the *patois* of the schools, is the greatest fool of the whole species,) despises, as too puerile, too vain a study for one like him, whose whole time is gloriously frittered away in discovering, or confusing, the different significations of Greek particles, and the multifarious readings of a line in Euripides.

And after all, the man of genius has the mortification of beholding the work, which closely employed him for years, thrown carelessly upon the table of a *boudoir*, only to be taken up by a belle, or an exquisite, at a morning call ; and at the few moments that immediately precede the dinner 'larum ;—or to be apathetically turned over by the fingers of a lipping coquette, when her adorable is stammering forth his *denouement* of love ; or when she wanders in “ green fields,” as an apology to others and to herself for so doing ! Why literary men have been, and are, thus situated and entreated, can be accounted for in no other way than, that genius was never designed—never framed for this sublunary orb ; but, by some neglect of the powers that be, sent here in mistake, instead of to its native and rightful empyreal sphere ; and the world, or the argillaceous atoms and straws that compose its system, are fully

aware that they do not deserve it; in fact, that they have no right to it: hence proceeds their treatment of it. But, like some notable housewife of the "Winifred Jenkins" class, who receives a present at Christmas, though not meant for her, but for some other sister dowager of the same nominal recognizance—wisely determines (honest soul!) to accept the goods the Gods provision her,—so with them,—and like the aforesaid housewife, they agree to pluck all its plumes, that it may not be recognised, should the real owner call for it; and to eke out our resemblance, finally immerge the victim in the boiling reservoir of popular hatred and neglect. When the turkey, fowl, duck, hare, &c., is consumed: the chronicler of small beer and smaller qualifications praises its exquisite flavour and pretty picking; and proclaims aloud, to her friends and neighbours, the justice it did to her *cuisine*,—*vice versa*, when the bard, or author, dies: the world, for the first time,—the very same *douce* world, mind, gentle, and discriminating reader, who had a few months before, quietly seated by its sea-coal fire, and tipping its brandy twist, without exhibiting any marks of sympathy or commiseration, beheld the last blanket of the suffering defunct, snatched by a bum-bailiff from his bed of sickness,—this world, sagacious orb! now begins to find out that he (the deceased) was *exceedingly clever!*—*remarkably gifted!*—*talents of the first water!* &c. &c., and in the end proceeds, with all its might and main, to open subscription lists, erect monu-

ments, and indite eulogies to his broken heart and memory ! *

Too many of Thought's pale cheeked children have felt the summary severity of this Lidford law—this inhuman process which hangs first and opens its court of judicature afterwards : from the

“ sleepless boy that perished in his pride ! ”

to him, whom he of the Emerald isle describes in his burning minstrelsy “ to have run over each chord of the lyre, and was master of all ! ”

But besides the world and its ingratitude, the man of genius has another enemy to combat with,—it is himself ! For it is a question,—so radically unfit is genius to inhabit an earthly dwelling, if the world and the world's men went smooth with him ; and if he were free from the supercilious contumely of the proud and wealthy,—and were spared the chiliar of scoffs and scorns that high-souled merit is daily in the reception of from the unworthy crowd, and those who, *snugly* and ignorantly satisfied with themselves and their capabilities, “ know not Joseph,”—it is a question, I make repetition, whether he would be happy ? As there is a spice of perilous stuff called sensibility in the interior

* “ How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow ;
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day—
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow ! ”

MOORE'S *Monody on Sheridan*.

composition of one of these gifted beings, which is for ever counteracting, by its Æolian moanings, his advances towards felicity, both by its being unwittingly jarred upon by the common herd, and by the possessor's own never ceasing playing upon it; and so dangerous, yet dulcet, is this ingredient, that it eventually destroys its victim by its mere piquancy alone, who may be said to die

“ Upon the lute, whose sweetness broke his heart ! ”

OUR VILLAGE ;

OR,

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

“ All ! All ! are fled ; yet still I linger here ! ”

ROGERS.

“ Poor Biron ! was this thy welcome home ? ”

“ Isabella.”

Our village ! what music there is in those words !—
what a charm ! The innocence—the sunshine—the
yellow primrose—the blue violet—the white cottage—
the first love of youth,—all are in those two simple
words—our village.

Their power over the heart is unbounded. They
are the “ Crean Tarigh ; ” or fiery cross of the High-
land Chieftain, at whose call the sympathies of

all—the young—the old—the lawless—the ambitious,—rise up, ready armed, and take possession of the heart, by driving out every grosser feeling which time, circumstance, or interest, had made to settle there.

Thus, the old querulous Sexagenarian, whom age and infirmities have metamorphosed into a mere caricature of what he was,—being now naught else but a mass of apathy; and so lean and withered withal, that he is scarcely able to keep his bones warm

“ in the dun night-gown of his own loose skin,”—

yet, when he hears the scene of his boyhood mentioned—in ecstasy he will throw away his *snuff*, which he uses to titillate the only sense now left him; and, forgetting his cough, half real, half imagined, he will begin to “ babble of green fields!” and will again be a boy in his native place, among his early friends and companions!

In like manner, the being who has risen high above his fellow men, and above ambition's wildest flights, and his own youthful imaginings—whose name is on the lips of the beautiful—the illustrious—the gifted of his country; and whose fame, History is preparing her finest pen to immortalize—his bust being already in every library—his portrait in every album—yet, demigod as he is, there will be moments when he will feel his greatness a mockery; and he will sigh for the village girl, who formed the “ smiles, the tears,” of his

youthful years, and the white cottage with its garden of roses, where he was born.

The man of business, too, in whose mean bosom no voice but that of profit ever spoke, forgets the usual stinginess and petty exaction of his calling when he sees some countrymen of his own village enter his shop ; and to them he will vend his wares cheaper than to any others. While of a Sunday, hiring an Irish car, he will drive his wife and children over, to inspect the place of his birth, and as he beholds the calmness of the secluded nook, inwardly vows, when he has amassed the desired *plum*, that he will retire there, and never deal out tea or sugar more.

Again, even in the man of crime—they ask remembrance, and have their claim allowed ;—for in the stillness of night, when all, save this bruised worm and his Maker, are bound in slumber, he sees, or thinks he sees, a hand writing on his prison walls. Starting, he reads the name of his native plains, where he had once been so virtuous and happy ! It operates like a wizard's spell, and he, who was before a moody and sullen man, now sinks a martyr to repenting tears, and weeps. —Yes ! the man of blood weeps—as it were a little child ! And should a stern policy demand the mockery of exposing the lifeless head, in addition to his execution—he will pray—he will entreat—that it may be placed so that, even after death, he may look upon the blue hills and emerald meads of his own dear village ! *

* “ The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet ; there would be

Last, and *least*, the slim exquisite, who, with a notable ambition, threw aside his manhood to follow fashion and the "clouded cane."—If, when he plays a love air on his Viol de Gamba in his mistress's *boudoir*, he sees a primrose, so familiar in his days of childhood, all his impertinence vanishes, and, returning home, he drives out Fashion's toyship from his heart, and dreams no more of Tom Little and his "Persian heaven" of black eyes and lemonade.† *

* * * * *

Years, many, many, had passed away! since the morning I left my native *Rosewell*, and bade adieu to kind hearts and virtuous pleasures, called by custom and necessity to go a wanderer through the world. Since then I had gradually risen to wealth and honour; and had seen the cities, manners, crimes, splendours, and heartlessness, of various nations. The rose on my cheek had given place to the olive, and my hair was here and there shaded with the pale silver of the moon-beam. Indeed, my whole person had undergone a change; and those who had formerly seen the wild untamed boy of health and nature, as he sported on the village common, would possibly have passed me by without recognition. Perhaps my mind, also, had par-

some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly."—*Waverley*, Vol. III.

† So far this article has been before in print.

taken of this change. For in my intercourse with mankind (as is generally the case) much of my early enthusiasm (though against my will) had been softened down into a more chastened feeling.

But to make amends for my shorn rays, I had learnt to look beyond the surface of men and things,—a knowledge in which, in my youth, I must confess I was not very well grounded ; and, besides this, I had become more cautious in proclaiming my likes and dislikes than formerly. Nevertheless, then, if the world, like the Israelites of old, had spoilt me of jewels of gold and jewels of silver, the treasures of my youthful mind—either through negligence in the search, or not deeming it worthy the capture—it (the world) had left me one gem in my casket unblemished—need I name it?—the love unaltered—unalterable, of my native village !

It was a fine morning in spring when I set out on foot from the neighbouring town towards *Rosewell*. And, oh ! none but the *village born* can tell the rapturous glow that plays in the bosom of him who, after having sojourned for years in the land of the stranger, is about to visit his native country once more ! For, after all, our village is our country,—there, and there alone—our affections—our friends—our early impressions are,—and there our heart is also ! Men talk of fighting—of dying for their county,—when, in reality, each means his own village ! If we think of a larger tract of territory, we feel naturally a sense of dreariness—a chill—we can-

not see it—and we view it as we view the countless stars of heaven—taken collectively, they may create our wonder,—never our esteem ! But for one of these little twinklers alone—we would live—we would fight—we would die !

Thus I thought, as milestone after milestone were left behind. A ray of my former enthusiasm had returned to me—and I was young again—and my heart warmed, as in fancy I interchanged my greetings with my early friends. What time, or death, had done since my absence, was never once thought of. But the delusion was heightened by picturing “as warm each hand, each brow as gay,” as if I had only left them for a day. The music string of my soul was touched, and recollection responded in a strain infinitely sweet, like the wild melody of the

“ Shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
“ When all his little flock's at feed before him ! ”

For as I approached nearer, uprose, claiming the tribute of remembrance, the scene of some former friendship, or trophy of some boyish daring. Every tree, every hollow, every field, was associated with the past, and could tell its tale. It was holy ground ! Here, in that sloping field askant that clump of elms, I first met the parson's daughter, gathering blue bells and cowslips—and was so much stricken with her black eye of witchery (for it was a wicked, roguish eye !) that I discarded pudding and only eat once of meat for a month

after—out of pure love for her dear sake. To be sure, I got famously laughed at for my abstinence ; and many jokes arose out of the affair, (more renowned for the applause they met with in the repeatal, than for any intrinsic merit of their own) and were duly cracked at my expense, which to me was anything but a laughing matter at the time.

There—a little further, was Farmer A——’s orchard of cherries, smiling as it were wont with its clusters of pearly blossoms, and its rows of feathered pickers and stealers (not the only *ones* I ween!) suspended “in terrorem.” Now this orchard was well known in my boyish annals for the raid of its cherries ; in which affair, to my confusion be it spoken, I was an actor ! Being induced one summer’s evening to join a depre-datory excursion of my schoolfellows, whose ostensible object was to possess themselves of its fruit : an on-slaught was made, and we returned loaded with rosy spoil. Immediately on getting clear from the enemy’s country, a council of war was called ; and it was deemed most prudent, by the seniors, to follow the example of Henry the Fifth, at Agincourt,*—*id est*—to devour our spoils ; the word was given to that effect—and before you could say ‘John Dryden,’ every one of the cherries, stones and all, had vanished !

For we were too able diplomatists in that sort of

* “The French have reinforc’d their scatter’d men :—
Then every *soldier kill his prisoners ;*
Give the word through.”

Henry, A. 4. S. 6.

thing to leave any trail behind us. Well, we returned to schooldom, thinking all was right; but when supper came, we found all was wrong, as we were not able to touch a morsel—and as miracles were passed, or were at least esteemed as doubtful—the unusual “fragments that were left” created a suspicion in the suspicious mind of the master,—so, in the end, we were all had up, and underwent a rigorous examination, which we managed to meet pretty well considering all things. When, as ill luck would have it, a half-saved urchin, with a turned down collar, and a mouth from ear to ear, who had partaken more greedily of the “spolia” than any of the others, either through fear, or some less creditable impulse, was suddenly seized with a griping in the bowels—and instant! the very *stones* rose up in judgment against us!—*malgré* our former declarations of innocence—the evidence was now too clear—it was *a-stonishing*! and the master, after having bestowed upon us some hasty and howbeit hearty fisty cuffs by way of prefatory matter, proceeded to demonstrate the heinousness of our conduct, by arguments so *smart* and *striking*, that none of us, I believe, for the time to come, required the assistance of a *Johnson* to elucidate the difference between “meum” and “tuum.”

But, soft! I have gained the upland, upon which *Rosewell*—my native *Rosewell*, is seated, basking in the sun, like some happy creature! And already I feel her soft breathings of violet, primrose, and wild broom, as they kiss my cheek in welcome! I

come—I come, thou village of my yesterdays, and only tarry to survey thy kindred beauties at a distance, and then I am thine for ever! Like one, who, when he unexpectedly meets a friend long thought lost,—at first, he stands in earnest—jealous gaze—misdoubting whether his senses have not deceived him. But when he sees it is really his beloved—he rushes and sinks ecstatic in his embrace!

Heavens, what a view!—one of Nature's best after Claude Lorraine!—a valley luxuriating in dell—in tree—in flower;—or rather an emerald set in the purest Venetian gold,—the yellow rays of tawdry Phœbus; enclosed too, as if in a casket, by the distant hills,—themselves amethysts—

——“deeply, darkly, beautifully blue.”

Through whose meads, the little brook, aspiring in some places to the name of river, (in its bubbles I had often plied the quiet art of Walton,) winds, like a serpent of silver, now seen, now lost amid brakes and bushes; and anon, reeling over stone and stub, dancing to the melody of the sunbeam, it approaches like a tipsy Bacchanal, to surround that old hoary castle tower; but, again, as if its very heart were touched by the misfortunes of the lonely ruin, which it had once seen in its battled glory,—it strikes off to the right, and to make amends for its former levity towards its old friend, flows so softly that not a murmur is heard from its waters for the next quarter of a mile.

That castle, too,—I must not forget it,—for it was in someway a friend to my boyhood, insomuch as the bullets, (memorials of olden fury,) which I picked up about its site, saved me many a pennyworth of marbles. Nevertheless, it was that species of friend, which is said, both by sage and simple, to be better far off than near, as the reputation it then bore was anything but creditable—for it was generally rumoured by the seers of the neighbourhood that the “old gentleman” guarded, in person, a world’s worth of treasure, supposed to lie perdue in one of its subterraneous passages. Furthermore, that when any one essayed to explore this passage—(such attempts had been made)—the abovementioned old gent., of sable habiliments, in the shape of a large raven, would uncivilly extinguish the light of the fortune hunter, by flapping simultaneously against it with his wings — * *

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I turned from the view—and walked, or rather ran towards the village—my heart beating high with expectation and hope,—I entered it—and found all my previous imaginings blighted!—It was a cruel disappointment,—Time and Death had been busy,—and I walked a stranger in my native place!

In vain I looked around for the “old familiar faces:” their accustomed haunts were desolate,—they were not there! Others came, but they were not the “Daft Jamie” and the “Mad Mary” I had known,—at whose infirmities and chatterings I had often, God forgive

me! in the heyday of youth and happiness, laughed. The children, too!—sunburnt prattlers!—so wild—so mischievous—always to be seen about—what had become of them, that they did not welcome me, and cling to my skirts, as they were wont, for their accustomed piece of gingerbread, or halfpenny?—I had some ready in my pockets!

Why, the boy had become the “father of the man!” and the girl, the mother of the woman! I sighed as reason pointed out this truth, and proceeded further up the village—and soon approached my old school-house.—But how altered!—I did not know it!—A large blue board had been hitched to its venerable front, with ——’s “Academy for young Gentlemen” gilded on it.—“Academy!”—Well-a-day!—But, silence, the clock strikes twelve! and the door opens, and discharges the “young Gentlemen” from their studies, in the shape of some six or seven sickly boys, with delicate sugar candied intelligences—who walked out listlessly, without manifesting joy, or any other excitement. Their clothes sedulously braided, and their caps adorned at the side with knots of black ribbon—all their thought being to keep the glow of their shoes from dirt in crossing the way, and to preserve the proper equilibrium of satchel and copy-book suspended, though they knew nothing of Horace, from their left shoulders.*

* “Quo pueri magnis e centurionibus orti,
Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.”

Hor. Flac. Sat. 6. Lib. 1.

" 'Sdeath ! " my gage rose at these dishes of skim milk, who never, in their own minds, aspired to higher preferment than that of vending mutton pies with a bell !—and I could restrain myself no longer,—
 " Hallo ! there,—why don't you run, shout, and bellow, ye rascals ! like other schoolboys ? " On hearing this they sneaked off.

What a contrast to schoolboys in my days ; then, as soon as our Dominie, old G——, gave out his usual word of dismissal : "*ye may go !*" we were regularly mad, and rushed out *en masse*, crowing, like chanticleer, with excess of joy ; overturning, too, every man, woman, and child, that came in our way, and lashing our books and bags, like hail, about each other's ears. The Pedagogue now appeared at his door ;—a mean, bandy-legged biped, with gaiters under his trowsers. How different to his predecessor, and oh ! what would that predecessor have thought of such a disgrace to the calling of Dionysius ? He would have been half frantic : indubitably would have thrown his birchen sceptre away, and like other potentates, would have abdicated for retirement ; solacing himself with the patriotic sentiment, that when vulgarity and ignorance hold place and office,—

" The post of honour is a private station."

But poor G——, alas ! poor G——, he was gone—
 and I could have "better spared a better man." In my memory's memory I think I see him now, shaving

in the school room, as was his wont, before a little glass attached to a post. It was then, perhaps, an idle urchin would take advantage, and introduce some contraband pursuit, relying upon not being observed: such as twisting hair, scooping popguns, building paper boats, &c. But, woe to that luckless wight, and his precarious manufactions; for the "shavee" would turn, and confronting the rebel with his lathered chin, would inflict "condign;" while the cry that followed told that "execution had been done on the youthful Cawdor;" and, at the same time, was a warning to others, who were engaged in transactions of a like nefarious nature.

Many times had I teased him in that manner, and many times has he chastised me for so doing. Yet, on the whole, very kind was he to all of us! and if he were sometimes seemingly severe, it was for our good: his views were just,

"The love he bore to learning was in fault."

Memory, too, at this length of time, does not disdain to call to mind, the kind, ample housekeeping of his jolly helpmate. For no niggard was she of spice or conserve, on the score of their dearness, in the composition of her dishes; or substitutor of one thing for another,—as the too prevalent custom of some is,—no, she scorned such illiberal acts, for she herself was a mother; and her heart told her how she should have felt, if her own children, in a like situation, asking for a

fish, had received a serpent. It was true, hers was a plain wholesome cookery; she did not often attempt the higher flights of the *cuisine*, but when she did her attempts received all the due ingredients which custom and *Mrs. Glasse* have prescribed.

Thus her roast and boiled, always excellent in their way, (scorn not ye high ones, for her brother was a butcher,) were done to a nicety, as if their preparing had been regulated by a dial, and she had an honest pride that no joint should appear at table without its usual "*attachés*" of sauces and trimmings. Her apple dumplings, in my mind, were her *chefs-d'œuvres*, and the day of their appearance was always looked for with delight; and, in their commendation be it said, I have since tasted the cates of many tables,—I may say of the great,—but never met their like. They were as round, and as snowy, as the orbs of beauty's bosom!—with a clove, and a little slip of cinnamon, inserted in the middle, by way of zest, like the immortal essence in man's clay. And, if I remember right, her hashes, too, which only appeared on cold and frosty days, were peculiarly famous; and their luscious gravy, strongly impregnated with spice and pepper, was especially adapted to create a comfortable warmth in beings like us, coming in, perchance, direct from sliding, or covering one another with snow. But what is the good of speaking? The warm bosoms of the good old man and his wife are now cold, and cruel death hath taken away my earliest, truest friends; for to me, their hearts,—their praises,—their welcomes,—their hearths,—were

always warm, and, forgive the pun: "even in our *hashes* lived their wonted fires."

My heart was full, and I walked away, but it was only to witness new changes and disappointments on every side. Some grasping hand had enclosed the common, on which universal suffrage had been allowed to the pigs, geese, children, and donkeys, of the neighbouring cottagers, from time immemorial; yes, and had wantonly cut down all the row of beautiful beech trees,—“all my pretty ones!” did I say all?—No, he had left *one* poor stunted thing, whose leaves moaned to the blast, like a chicken, when all its chuckling companions, (whom it had been brought up and nourished with, and in whose downy bosoms it had, perchance, nightly roosted its bill,) are killed, and it left lonely. There was little in this waste piece of ground to tempt his appropriating it. Its grass, half thistle, half dock, could be of small account to one like him, who possessed many arable meads and pastures. Yet he had taken from the poor, who had already too few privileges to boast of, their all! How long will the poor thus allow their fellow worm to play the tyrant? They sadly want some one to

“——— shew them they are men.”

My anger arose at this man, and the tempter was ready with a curse to curse him and his narrow soul; but, my better angel, interposing, whipped the “offending Adam” from my tongue, and the imprecation, expiring upon my lips, melted into a tear! No, I

could not curse him,—let his conscience do that,—notwithstanding, he had, by destroying one of my early associations, added a pang to a broken-hearted man, who, having been a long time,—too long,—from his natal village, returning, found the chain which had bound him to his early friends, and which he thought was wrought of iron, broken! and all its links, as if only of perishable straw, dissolved and gone. Again, the Public,—in whose neat sanded tap-room I had frequently of a winter's evening convened with other schoolfellows to listen to the aged peasants as they told over their cyder their wondrous tales of long ago,—was pulled down, although, engraved by flame of candle, (much to the scandal of the hostess,) my name

“—— stood rubric on the wall.”

And even the lion, on the old weather-beaten sign post, who, by all accounts, had borne his faculties very meekly, had disappeared; while a new cognizance, purporting to be the “—— Arms,” usurped its place.—Sic transit!

But the “unkindest cut of all” was the old post, which, whilom stood before the ale-house door, that too, had been swept away in the general demolition, and not a mark remained to shew where it once stood. Now, the desecrator who laid it low might have considered for a moment, before he issued his fiat for its destruction, that he was about to destroy the associations of a

century,—for my wooden favourite had seen full as many years,—as every ragged urchin in the village, father and son, for two generations, had sat astraddle on its summit, to “ride the cock horse.” Even I, myself, had rode on it, and had once gone the unpardonable length of appropriating the cords of my own bedstead to make stirrups, to do so more naturally and effectively.

This, and the preceding disappointments, had so scathed my feelings, that I shrank from further investigation; and, from dread of other early bankruptcies, turned into a green lane, and, before I was aware of it, found myself entering the park-like gate which opened into the gardens of the vicarage. I started, for when I was last there, it was with one whom my youthful imaginings had pictured as my future bride,—the wife of my after years,—she was not so :—but somewhat too much of that.

Time, which had so changed other objects, had made very little alteration here, except that the shrubs had sprung up and overshadowed the building; the flowers were adjusted with as much care as formerly,—the eglantine and rose were bound in nuptial bands as they used to be,—and the gravel walk was as free from weeds as ever,—but where, oh where, was she who made that walk so agreeable? “I came,” says the wanderer of the little oriental legend, “I came to the place of my birth and cried: ‘the friends of my youth where are they? And an echo answered, where?’”

My emotions now were too bitter to linger longer,

so I retraced my steps, the very birds breaking my heart with the melody of the past,—

“How can ye chaunt ye little birds,
An' I sae fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough,
Thou minds me o' the happy days.”—

—I closed the gate, and gave a last “fare thee well” to the scenes it enclosed; for I felt I never could enter it again,—I never did.

One melancholy task more remained, previous to my leaving *Rosewell*, (now become painful to me,) for ever. It was to visit the silent dwelling of my first and only love. I was soon at the little churchyard, and one leg was lifted across the stile to get over, (I had often vaulted it in happier times,) when I paused, to take the shoes from off my feet, as I was going among my early friends; for dead or alive, those that were, still are, our friends; and from no where does friendship speak more warmly for remembrance and respect, than from the tomb!

Here, many were those whom I had personally known, while some had been my playmates and my schoolfellows. But I had no time to note these “sermons on stones,” my whole soul being taken up with the finding of one grave,—I found it,—a plain virgin tablet; no epitaph spoke in praise, but some kindred spirit had planted a lily root in the green sod, which was now in snowy blossom,—a fit emblem of the inno-

cence that slept below,—I knelt down,—yes, the lily and the wanderer were alone on the grave of the beautiful ! and the wind rising, as it rattled against the old gothic windows of the church, passed over the spot in mockery—moaning—

“ She is nothing, wherefore is he here ? ”

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THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

"SHALLOW. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"

Second part of Henry IV.

The difference between the sublime and the ridiculous is generally considered as that of one extreme to another; fire, in antithesis to water,—north, to south. But in reality the one, (the sublime,) is but a previous stage of the chrysalid; or, to speak plainly, the ridiculous is nothing more than the sublime grown old, with its well-formed leg, become the spindle stretcher of lamb's-wool, or worsted. To exemplify this:—the whole existence of man is nothing but an arena, where these two qualities, pitted against each other, are continually fighting for the mastery; and all of us have at some part of our lives exhibited very fair specimens of each, without being conscious, like the sand of the amphitheatre at Rome, of possessing either. And these exhibitions mostly take place at different

periods of our existence, though neither is always peculiar; but each indiscriminate; according to the end and beginning of things:—as, what is sublime in commencement, very often becomes lame and impotent in conclusion. And what was ridiculous in initio, frequently mellows into sublimity by age. Thus, the daring deed and enthusiasm of youth are sublime; while the garrulity and exaggeration of age are ridiculous. The boyhood and after years of Richard the Second are an example of this hypothesis in men;—the launch, and subsequent wreck of the Spanish Armada, in things. Yet, *mutatis mutandis*, it does not follow that every man's life is a *fac simile* of the unfortunate white rose's; or that every one's speculation should partake of the ridiculous termination of his of Spain. As, in corroboration: the young fool sometimes becomes the old sage;—the youthful libertine, the staid man; witness the memorable instance of Harry Monmouth, whose early days, his biographer tells us, were those of one who did not scruple to rob the exchequer of travellers with “unwashed hands;” but who, in maturer years, allowed “consideration” to whip

“ —the offending Adam out of him;”

again, the birth of every man, be he hero, pickpocket, or sage, is ridiculous. Behold, the wee, cross-looking, lump of flesh, with as much expression as a roasted apple; then its concomitants, the stiff-coiffed nurse,

and the solemn, red-nosed Dr.; the former, narrowly watching the progress of the latter, who, conscious of being an intruder, steals about a thing forbid. So much for the birth of man. But, as if to make amends, the death in almost every instance, has a particle of sublimity about it; for solemnity is sublimity, modified and chastened. And even the last moments of those who in life were associated only with ridicule are not divested of it. Thus, no one reads the latter ends of Don Quixote and Falstaff,—the one, touchingly abjuring his former folly; the other, “making a finer end,” and going away, “an it had been a christom child,”—without feeling something like a sensation steal o’er the heart, and a wish that “Goodman Bones” had laid low any other twain than the Knight of the rueful countenance, and “sweet Jack Falstaff.” This, however, may proceed more from the contrast between their death and their lives, than any real sympathy for the loss of the men;—though we are apt to love those who have made us laugh.

As of the influence these two qualities exercise over the entrances and exits of mankind, so may it be said of before and after marriage. The first so pure—the parties themselves so amiable—distant emanations of future honey—loves of the Angels, &c. The last—so impure, the “miserable sinners” concerned, so pitiful—cat and dog for the present—the New River and prussic acid in prospective!

There are some instances, however, where the end and the beginning partake equally of one of these quali-

ties, and are virtually the same; though this rarely happens, and is altogether confined to things, as the very volatile disposition of man nullifies the application when applied to him. *Exempli gratiâ*:—The rising and setting of the sun are equally grand and sublime; though the one is the sublimity of happiness; the other of sorrow. While, on the other hand, the playfulness of the kitten, and the whiskered gravity of the cat, are both alike ridiculous.

It has been said by one,* who well exemplified the truism in his own actions: “That there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;” and he might have added—but there are many points from which that step might be taken; and many ways by which things, originally grand, become little,—the sublime the ridiculous, and the ridiculous, in its turn, the sublime:—as, for instance, by dress—by personal appearance—by party prejudice—by parody—by names—and, lastly, by the use of certain words and actions.

By dress.—Nothing is a greater counter apotheosis than a slovenly habit of dress. Of the deifying qualities of costume our modern actors are well aware, and always take care that their characters, never mind what perils they have to go through, shall be well dressed. Among the ancients, Cæsar appears particularly to have paid attention to the value of outward seeming; well knowing that a disregard of it will often throw a shade of mockery over the highest and the most awful moments! Hence, he constantly wore a wreath to

* Napoleon.

conceal the baldness of his head, the which did not escape the remarks of the satirists of the day; for we are told, his own soldiery, on one occasion—a triumphal procession—openly reproached him for his scarcity of hair: crying out—“*Calvum mæchum, ducimus Cæsarem: mariti, servate uxores!*” Nor did his *penchant* for this essential stop here; for when expiring under the “*styluses*” of his murderers, with the consideration of Pope’s lady, who says: “one would not look quite shocking when one’s dead,” he, as every one knows, adjusted his robe that he might fall gracefully. This terror of the ridiculous, at such a moment, is not very well understood by us moderns, who are not heroes, or Romans; but still it substantiates the dogma, that “dress,” as our friend Acres has it, “does make à difference,” ah! and a great difference, too. For clothe a man in a *toga*, and he becomes a hero,—disfigure him in a night cap, and “*risum teneatis amici?*” Again, the conception of Richard the Third, as commonly played, in his slashed and jewelled vest, is sublime,—play the same character in an old militia red coat, and the house would be in a roar of laughter. The same may be said of painting:—let an artist portray Eve in her fig-leaf shorts, and connoisseurs will praise the roundness of that arm,—the beautiful turn of that leg,—and, in a word, will expend mouthfulls of encomia on the picture and its painter. But should the same sinner, thinking of her who bore him, and out of charity for the exposed charms of our frail mother, assume the office of lady’s maid, and clothe her in

a hooped petticoat, and other *Anne-ities*,*—why he and his *protégé* would be laughed at from one month's end to the other.

By personal appearance.—Next to dress in making man ridiculous, is his own personal appearance. For the world, that sighed over the sorrows of a handsome Byron, with "forehead high and pale," would view with great equanimity, and perhaps with a broad grin, the like sufferings resulting to one, who, with all the talents of the first, happened to be damned with a hump back, or a bottle nose. Furthermore, should we happen to stumble on a handsome stripling, pleading his love tale on bended knees to his mistress, we, of course, make off as stealthily as a cat, not to interrupt him;—but, on the contrary, should the idolater be an old or ugly man, we do not budge a step, but holding both our sides, give vent to a long and hearty cachinnation. In like manner, should a graceful spectre, at one of the fashionable assemblies, invite a young lady to waltz, she instantly assents, and, incontinently, is seen spinning round like a *rat* on the pivot of a pension. But suppose a Sir John Sack-and-sugar is the applicant,—the provoking damsel not only laughs herself, but communicates it to her companions.

Party prejudice.—After the two former laughter-makers, comes party prejudice, which, mocking fiend as it is, can so twist and so pervert the words and actions of those of a different creed, that, to speak in par-

* i.e. Costume of Queen Anne.

liamentary phrase, it often causes a man's deeds, really respectable in themselves, to be greeted with "much laughter," when they ought of right to be hailed with "cheers."

By parody.—This is frequently the weapon of the foregoing. Its principles consist in skilfully turning the *chefs-d'œuvres* of celebrated authors into burlesque, and by the desecration of them, by what are called "Hamiltonian Translations," "New Readings of Old Authors," &c. &c., causing the world to think contemptuously of those witching passages, which previously they adored and worshipped. It is from this infamous system of mockery that many of the speeches of our finest poets have been stripped of the sanctity of genius with which time had long invested them!

By names.—A Gubbins could never, *malgré* his capabilities for the feat, have written a Childe Harold; at least, if he had written it, he would have been ashamed to have published it with his patronymic in the title-page:—only fancy, for a moment, "Childe Harold," a poem, not by Lord Byron, but by *James Gubbins*!! Poor fellow! the name would inevitably have consigned it in its birth to the greasy digits of trunk makers, bacon venders, and other unwashed artizans! Yet, notwithstanding this, Juliet still continues to ask, in the person of some pretty actress, "What's in a name?" Foolish query:—the answer is obvious—every thing! but, as we wish the response to bear on our present argument, we shall content ourselves with replying "ridicule and admiration." Take

an example,—call the Devil, Lucifer, in the dialect of Milton, and he is sublime,—*nickname* him ‘Old Gooseberry,’ and ‘the Deuce,’ in the patois of the simple, and what remains of the awful grandeur of him whose form the poet sings—

“ ——— had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch Angel ruin'd —.”

Nothing, indubitably nothing !—he is then a mere bugbear, a raw-head and bloody-bones, to scare nursery-maids and children. Such is the divinity of nomenclature,—yet its infallibility may be impugned,—particularly when connected with localities : as, would not the battle of Thermopylæ equally have had the admiration of posterity, had it been fought at Norton Falgate? and had thirty-five of the three hundred Lacedæmonians been

“ ——— ——— Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith !”

By certain words and actions,—sneezing in a love speech,—stumbling over a chair when going to greet a friend,—blowing the nose in an ebullition of grief, and the *nasus* coming through the hole in the pocket-handkerchief, &c., together with the use of all odd gaits, phrases, and gestures, and such like ; which never fail to make a man appear ridiculous, let him be ever so well favoured, or high in rank. And so severely is the

slightest deviation from propriety visited by the generality of mankind, especially in public characters, that the Actor, who, with folded arms, electrifies in "to be or not to be," should he repeat the same speech with his hands under his coat tails, would instantly be hissed off the stage as a vulgar dog. Again, the greatest hero, committing certain solecisms, would be ridiculous. Alexander blowing a trumpet response on his nose,—Cæsar, crying like a "sick girl"—

" — give me some drink, Titinius."

A WELSH WATERING PLACE.

" More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here ;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire."

HERRICK'S "*Discontents in Devon.*"

Of all places in this world of ours, the Lord defend me from a small watering place, and above all from a small Welsh Watering Place ; where you are expected to bring, like a discarded servant, your character for opulence, from your last place, and never to demur at any demands of the natives, let them be ever so extortionate ; but, on the contrary, to submit to be cheated like a gentleman ; for if you do not, and are the least refractory, impromptu you are overwhelmed with a shower-bath of abuse, and, in no measured terms, reminded of the day, when, descending from steamer or from carriage, you first did,

" Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
—— present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better fo'k.—"

Once again, I say, the Lord defend me from a small Welsh Watering Place! Where the inhabitants are a unanimous bunch of lodging-house keepers; the better part of them (malgré their present consequence,) like Byron's heroine, "born in the garret, in the kitchen bred," diluted with a small solution of young men in sailor's jackets, looking very *unlike* gentlemen; and ditto young women, with rows of pink ribbon up their gowns, looking very *unlike* ladies.

Where the master of the ceremonies, Beau Nash in impudence and his own opinion, stalks about of a morning, in an undress of a green jockey surtout, much too small, and white "filthy dowlas" trowsers, much too large; and of an evening—for the animal *dresses for dinner*, instead of having dinner dressed for him,—thus economically deciding for back, versus belly,—in an old rusty coat, once black, but now any colour you please to *flatter* it with, a world too large, or small,—according as the person of its former possessor may have been,—for your Cambrian "magister morûm" always has his garniture, à la Sir Charles Wetherell, second hand, or gratis, as his perquisite, for introducing strangers to those whom they perfectly well knew before, and pocketing the *expectation* of a guinea, which he never receives.

Where, in continuation, the sole occupations of the company are,—for the men, shooting all the morning, at birds, which they always *miss*; and sailing in water omnibusses, mis-named yachts, which they always *hit*—against the rocks: for the women, picking up loads of

oyster shells, and loads of scandal; peering for the packet, to see if they can descry on its deck any fools as great as themselves; and spelling over (for they are literary,) "The Children of the Abbey"; "'Twas right to Marry Him; or the History of Miss Petworth," and other equally veracious and delectable productions of Newman, and the Minerva Press.

Where the shops sell every thing but what you ask for, and meet as much encouragement as an Irish beggar woman, with six children, a bunch of matches, and a blind husband. Where the bells ring for every thing inclusive, short of the Mayor's cat kitting. Where a perfect gentleman is hunted out of the place, as if he were a Cherokee Indian, armed with scalping tools and tomahawk. Where the women wear breeches to protect their legs from observation, which is never taken of them but by themselves; and where, in short, if a man have not a *penchant* for parading, like the sentinel in Sheridan's Pizarro, ten hours of the day, on a barren ridge of sand, knee deep, to muse—

"——— o'er flood and fell,"

he may be as miserable as any lover could conscientiously wish.

FINIS.

